Jos D. Armitage

The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. VI—NO. 23. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1879. WHOLE NO. 335

From the Youth's Companion.

CHARLEY.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

In a mazy, sunlit garden,
Where was neither watchman nor warden,
But the butterflies and bees
Kissing the laburnum trees;
Where lillies pale and purple phlox
Bent above the bordering box,
And clustering pinks and crimson roses
Made fragrant even the orchard closes,—
There one blissful hour I strayed
With the boy they said was laid
Forever 'neath the yew-tree's shade,—
Charley, with his summers seven!—
The hall clock was striking eleven
As I saw him down the stair,
With his blue eyes and chestnut hair
Backward from his forehead blown
By the wind, that made such moan
When we lost him. 'Twas a day
In dreary March he went away,
But that now, in glad surprise,
Breathed a strain of Paradise.

How I clasped him to my heart!
"Darling, naught again shall part
You and me, you and me!"
Thrice he kissed me; then in glee.
Down the winding path he sped
(So he was wont of old to play.)
I could see his shining head
Bright the darkling boughs between,
As if a sunbeam glanced that way;
While I followed where he led.
Followed still, through gold and green,
By grove and walk, his dancing feet;
And as he ran, now fairy-fleet,
Now from some gloom emerging slow,
Still beckoning, still eluding me,
His cheek outvied the roses' glow,
His voice, the robins' minstrelsy.

By the feather ferns I found him;
Fondly in my arms I wound him;
O the rapture, O the rest,
Thus to fold him to my breast,
Look in his eyes, put back his hair!
I had no further wish, no care
For what had been, or might befall;
The moment's bliss was in all in all.
Silent he sat a little space;
The while I fancied I could trace
A loftier beauty on his brow,
A finer meaning in his smile,
A thrush trilled from the lilac bough.
And then, in tones that might beguile
The saddest heart, so sweet they fell,
He whispered, "Do the roses grow
Red as they did last year? I know
The lilies seem not half so white
Since I have plucked them, all of light,
Leaning over the crystal streams
In the fair garden where I dwell,
Or stately fall by the golden gleams
Of the beds of waving asphodel.
'Tis true that here, when morning beams,
The orchard robins warble well;
But, oh! there's a bird that sings to me
All day long in that garden fair,
Sings till my heart is so glad and free
That I long to steal through the balmy air
And bring you straight to that joyous land.
Hush! a murmur of wings is near!
Hark! 'tis his silvery note I hear!"
And quickly from my clasping hand
He sprang, that wondrous bird to see,
And vanished, as the sunlight goes
When a black cloud, relentless, throws
Its shadow over lawn and tree!
And calling, flying where he fled,
I passed the lilies drooping dead,
And, breathless, gained the vacant stair.
The sun shone wan as winter moon;
A chill wind blew the rose-tree bare,
Strewing its blossoms o'er the stone;
And he was gone, and I alone,
As sharp the clock rang out for noon.

Ah, well! days went to weeks, to years,
But never watch or prayers or tears,
Brought my darling back to me
By garden bower or sunny lea!
And yet it was no dream of mine,
For soft I felt his arms entwine
About my neck, and close and warm
Hold his breathing, beauteous form;
Heard his laugh, his footsteps' fall;
Followed swift his gleeful call.
No, it was no dream of mine,
But a joy I count divine,—
Charley, with his summers seven,
Stole that hour away from heaven!

BETTER THAN NEVER.

They had come, a little group of friendly faces, to watch me off, with waving handkerchiefs and kindly good-byes; and I stood in the stern nodding and waving back, till the steamer swept down the river out of their sight.

I knew I should have their prayers that the cruel sea might be gentle with me; I knew they would watch the weather, and look for the telegram for the arrival of our ship; yet I knew I was taking nothing from their lives, and they each would go home hardly missing me; so it with no great wrench of heart that I saw the pilot put off from us, and took the last look at my native shores.

During most of the passage, I was just comfortably seasick, so I sat all day long in a reclining chair on deck, watching the white caps on the purple, and green, and blue waves that mounted and fell, down and up, up and down, away out to the far horizon. I saw the shining mutilluses float by, and now and then a whale or a shoal of porpoises, or a sail speeding white and full across the water.

I saw also a good many other things set me by, for I didn't put my eyes in my pocket along with my short-sighted glasses; and nobody was much likely to mind a middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof.

The first thing I saw was a young girl with dark eyes and brown hair, that rippled itself into a tangle of rough curls whenever she took off her net. She was not so very pretty, nor so very brilliant, but there was a piquant charm about her that attracted half the passengers before the first day was over. By the end of the second day, everybody, from the captain to the ship's surgeon, and from the surgeon to the cabin boy, was eager to show her attention; and everybody was met by the same genial smile and lively retort.

She won her way at once into my heart by the kindly thought that led her to bring little relishes from the table to tempt my sickly appetite and to soothe my forehead with bay-water and gentle touches of her shapely brown hand, where a great emerald glittered, encircled by diamonds. Very soon she got into the habit of drawing her rug beside my chair, and sitting on the deck leaning against me, so that I might "pet her," as she said.

This was how it happened that my quiet, out-of-the-way corner came to be the centre of the life, and gaiety, and romance of the whole shipboard.

It seemed this young girl, Rosa Armour, was an only child, and an orphan, going to an uncle in Germany, her nearest of kin.

"Dear heart! I hope her uncle will be wise as well as loving," said I to myself very often, for she seemed too fragile a bubble of humanity to drift on through life alone.

The tips of her brown curls were lighter than the rest, and here and there were little bright touches all over her hair, as though the sun was shining in spots on it. One morning I sat coiling these gleams of sunshine around my fingers, and watching a flock of Mother Carey's chickens skim restlessly over the restless water, thinking these thoughts about Rosa, and having her soft presence alone to myself for a few moments. Not many, however; soon up came a New-Zealander—of course there was a New-Zealander or an Australian on our boat.

"You are very lowly, Miss Armour," said he; "let me bring you a chair."

"Thank you; I prefer to sit here on my rug, and have Miss Wells pet me," replied Rosa, turning up her eyes languidly. "The deck is my favorite seat, if I can only have an excuse to sit on it."

"But you need something over you," persisted the New-Zealander, going away, and coming back directly with his own heavy gray wrap. Then he seated himself on a low camp stool beside her, folding the wrap over the two. "I never saw so rough a sea as this all way from Honolulu to San Francisco," said he looking out upon the gentle swell of the lazily mounting waves.

"Rough!" cried Miss Armour; "I am sure the ocean is as smooth as a mill-pond!"

"Oh, but not as compared to the Pacific—peaceful—it was rightly named. We have never such gales on that as sweep the Atlantic, but only the gentlest westerly breezes." The New-Zealander shivered as he spoke, and drew his wrap closer over his knees. "We have the most charming climate in New-Zealand," he went on: "we are never too hot, and never too cold. In fact, we never think of the weather. And the soil is the most fertile in the world."

"Pity it is in such an out-of-the-way part of the earth, that nobody can live there," said Miss Armous.

"Beg your pardon, miss; there are several English towns of thirty thousand inhabitants each; and we never think of ourselves as being out of the way, but rather feel sorry for those who live so far off," returned the other, bending his tall figure earnestly forward.

Rosa leaned her pretty head toward him in a confiding attitude of interest, and laughed: "Oh, so you are the people, and wisdom is going to die with you!" said she. "But what do you do out there in the heart of the universe?"

"We dig gold for one thing, and raise sheep for another—millions and millions of them; from thirty to forty vessels are constantly plying to England with the tallow and pressed wool."

"What do you do with all that mutton?" asked Rosa, looking idly at the light in her ring, and then as idly at the light in the speaker's eyes.

"We use what we can," was the reply; "and sometimes, I am sorry to say, we bury the flesh—not usually; but sometimes an order will come to one farmer for a thousand sheep, if you please, and all he can do is to clip off the wool, get out the fat, and bury the carcasses."

"What a pity the meat can't be sent to the hungry poor at home! Why don't somebody condense it as they do the beef in Texas?" I said in my practical way.

"In good time I dare say somebody will, but we can't do everything at once," replied the New-Zealander, looking with sudden interest at the game of shuffle-board being played beside us.

Just then along come the ship's surgeon, a blonde youth in uniform, with his hair parted in the middle.

"Miss Armour," said he, "the gun is to be fired at the bow; will you come and see it done?"

Miss Armour started up at once, turning the same half-confiding glance and ready smile upon him she had been giving us.

"I am going to leave my rug with you: I shall come back," said she, beaming over her shoulder upon my as she took the surgeon's arm and went way.

The New-Zealander looked after her, tried to console himself by drawing his wrap in another fold across his knees, did not succeed, and finally got up and went away. Of course it was not worth his while to make himself agreeable to a middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof. So I sat and looked at the likeness of a lake among the sunset clouds, and tried to decide whether I had better take oatmeal gruel or biscuit-tea for my supper, wondering the while half-unconsciously, about the old chord in my memory that was always being struck by a certain musical ring in the New-Zealander's voice.

After an hour or so, the gun was fired, and presently Miss Armour came back with the disorder of the strong sea-wind in her hair, and its freshness in her pretty pink cheeks.

"I've come as I said," she murmured, dropping at my feet again, and smiling up as though she had got where she best loved to be—just such a smile as she would have given to the stokers down in the engine-room, or to the ship's cat. But it was lovely to look upon while it lasted, and we middle-aged people have learned to warm ourselves in any chance ray of sunlight, without stopping to consider whether it is likely to be perpetual.

This time the bit of sunshine did not stay long, for there came an artist with his sketch-book; and when Miss Armour had sufficiently admired his graphic pencilings of the captain and the quarter-master, and the sea-sick occupant of an upper berth, it was time to throw the log, and so he bore her off to find out by her own eyes whether we were actually going at the rate of thirteen knots, or only twelve and a half.

That was how the days went. The passengers read and paced the deck, played games and guessed riddles, and were always hungry; the pilot stood steady and firm at the wheel; the sailors ran up and down about the rigging, like overgrown spiders, and were for ever scouring and scrubbing, tying and untying, drawing up and letting down. Thus at last we had come safely almost to our desired haven. With fair sailing, we were only one day out from port; and fond as we had grown to be of each other, we were getting impatient to part.

Miss Armour, during all the voyage, had kept on as she began, beguiling every one with her trick of lip and eye. They ran after her like boys at the string of a kite. Well, they had nothing better to do just then; and when she had faded out, as a rainbow fades, I made no doubt she would be as easily forgotten, or only remembered as a midsummer's day dream, by all, unless it might be a solitary warm-hearted man like the New-Zealander. To tell the truth, I was a little sorry for him. Evidently, life had not brought him all it might, and he was hungry for the love and confidence that had never been his. So I was afraid he would miss this little sparkle of girlhood and warm youth, and find the void deeper when it had gone out.

To the very last day Rosa kept her place by my chair, and to the very last the New-Zealander kept his place by her, when no one younger stepped in to carry her off; which was pretty often, to be sure. Then, he always quietly went away himself, with a kind of grave regret in his face. On this last morning, Miss Armour had just left us along with a young lawyer, to drop oranges and lemons among the steerage passengers when I noticed the New-Zealander looking after her with a sadder regret than usual—almost a pain—in his eyes. He had such handsome dark eyes! I could see that without my glasses.

"Now," said I to myself, "I hope he isn't going to get soft, a sensible, gentlemanly, agreeable man like him, and quite old enough to be her father!" And so I looked at him to see if he was, when suddenly he turned upon me.

"At least you might have written, Agatha Wells!" said he sharply.

I started, as you may think, to hear my own name spoken so familiarly by a stranger; when, looking again, behold, I saw beneath the bronze and under the wrinkles and behind the beard, a face that twenty years before was the dearest in the world to me—the face of Duncan Ashley! We parted one day expecting to meet on the next, but that evening he was called away, and wrote instead of coming. In the letter, he said what he had said before with his eyes—yes, those same beautiful eyes—that I was the choice of his heart and the desire of his life.

"Answer me," said he; "I cannot wait till I see you."

So I answered—a long foolish letter, though there was no need of writing; for he had read all I could say long before, with those eyes of his. Then I watched and waited for him, but never saw him or heard one word more. If you are young, you can imagine the slow dying-out of hope and expectation; and if you are old, you know how such things can be lived over and hidden in secret graves.

But now, as though the graves had been opened and the judgment set, came this sudden reproachful question up from the buried past. I fairly caught my breath, as I turned back my eyes and looked him in the face again.

"Forgive me," said he directly, in a gentler tone. "I did not mean to speak; you brought it out with your eyes; that questioning turn was so familiar. Of course you were quite right, and I never blamed you. I never meant you should see me again, but the temptation to feel myself beside you, only to be in the soothing charm of your presence, was too great. It has been a blessing I shall carry with me all the rest of my life.

He was rising to go away, but I put out my hand. "I did write, Duncan Ashley," said I; "the letter must have gone wrong."

"You did—you wrote!" he cried, sinking back in his chair again, and looking at me eagerly. "What did you say?"

"There was only one thing I could say, and I said that," I answered, blushing, as though I had just written the letter.

A middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof! But, dear me! it was only my face that was middle-aged after all; my heart was as young and silly as ever. And as for Duncan's face, the marks of care, and thought, and time, fell off, leaving in it only the eternal youth of love.

It was the old story of a lost letter, and the older story of a proud man, believing himself rejected and humiliated, and fleeing to the ends of the earth with his pain.

"Twenty precious years wasted!" said my New-Zealander. "We will not be separated another day while we both live. There is a clergyman among our passengers, and we will be married this very hour."

That was so like his headlong decisions! Certainly he did need a sober second-thought like me for ballast. "That cannot be," I cried; "the ceremony wouldn't be legal without a license or something. And I would by no means do anything so sensational and conspicuous."

But bless your heart! I might as well have tried to wipe up the Atlantic with my pocket handkerchief. He was so grieved, and so impatient, and so resolute (and, indeed, when one comes to think of it, twenty years is long enough for an engagement), that I finally dropped off my waterproof and sea-sickness, and stood up behind the binnacle, and was married before eight bells that very morning—ring and all. Duncan produced it from a small casket, where he had carried it in his waistcoat pocket for the whole twenty years.

"I could never bear to put the little thing away," said he, looking at it tenderly.

The next day we came to port, with the sun shining and our flags flying. There was a flurry of good-byes, a hoisting of trunks, a welcoming of friends on the shore, and a glad hurrying to and fro.

Among the rest was an instant's nestling of Miss Armour's lips on my cheek, and a little cling of her hand in mine, the vanishing of a smile, and she was gone like the flash of a fire-fly, out of my sight for ever. But wherever she is, and however she fares, she has the daily blessing of two middle-aged hearts, whose way to each other she unconsciously lighted.

A COUNTY WITHOUT A DRAM-SHOP.—The inhabitants of Edward county, Ill., do not support any temperance societies or temperance lecturers, or spend their time talking about temperance. They decided 25 years ago that no liquor should be sold in the county, and since that day they have sent but one person to the penitentiary, and he committed a crime while drunk with whiskey procured in an adjoining county; they support but two or three paupers, and their jail is empty most of the time. Their taxes are 32 per cent. lower than the adjoining counties, and their terms of court occupy three days in the year, while their tax rolls shows that they return more property than any other county in the state of equal population. This is a case where the minority cannot complain of any invasion of private right, for the people are unanimously opposed to license under any circumstances. Families seek the locality, coming from other parts of the state, as a good place to bring up their children. When confronted with the statistics of this model county, even old topers admit there is something in it—but it evidently is not whisky.—[*St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press.*

ROSEWOOD.—It has puzzled many to decide why the dark wood, so highly valued for pianos, and in these times so cleverly imitated, should be called rosewood. Its color, certainly, does not look like that of rose, but when the tree is first cut, the fresh wood possesses a strong, rose-like fragrance; hence the name. There are a half dozen or more kinds of rosewood trees found in South American and in the East Indies and neighboring islands. Sometimes the trees grow so large that planks four feet broad and ten feet in length can be cut from them. These broad planks are principally used to make tops for piano-fortes. When growing, the rosewood tree is remarkable for its beauty; but such is its value in manufactures as an ornamental wood that some of the forests where it once grew abundantly, now have scarcely a single specimen. In Madras the government has prudently had great plantations of this tree set out in order to keep up the supply.

HOW COMMON LAMPS WASTE LIGHT.—Did it ever occur to the reader that most of the common lamps actually waste one-half or more of all the light produced, and are therefore doubly expensive? The flame gives off rays from its surface; but if we half cover the flame, half of the rays are intercepted and lost. This is just what is done in a majority of lamps. In several of the lamps now made this loss is saved by omitting the metal cap, and having the glass chimney set down below the bottom of the flame. Such an arrangement is equivalent to saving half the expense of oil. The Argand principle is of great utility. This is an arrangement for for having a current of air pass up through the center of a circular flame, furnishing oxygen to its interior. The combustion is much more intense, and the light correspondingly greater.—*Agriculturist.*

NEW VIEW OF INFECTION.—The theory that very small organisms, either vegetable or animal, are the cause of all infectious diseases, is very generally accepted at the present day. It passes as established and mathematically proven, because this theory alone is able to explain for us a series of phenomena that would otherwise be totally inexplicable. Hence the *alpha* and *omega* of all precautions directed against infectious diseases and epidemics consist in combating and destroying these organisms.

A young man who gets a subordinate situation sometimes thinks it not necessary for him to give it much attention. He will wait until he gets a place of responsibility, and then he will show people what he can do. This is a very great mistake. Whatever his situation may be, he should master it in all its details, and perform all its duties faithfully.

INGERSOLL VS. SOLOMON.

A Fond Father Tests the Colonel's Theory of "Train Up a Child."

Col. Ingersoll says he keeps a pocket book in an open drawer, and his children go and help themselves to money whenever they want it. "They eat when they want to; they may sleep all day if they choose, and sit up all night if they desire. I don't try to coerce them. I never punish; never scold. They buy their own clothes, and are masters of themselves."

A gentleman living on Marshall street who has a boy that is as full as a kitteney as his father, read the article and pondered deeply. He knew that Col. Ingersoll was a success at raising children in the way they should go, and he thought he would try it. The boy had caused him considerable annoyance, and he made up his mind that he had not treated the boy right, so he called the boy in from the street, where he was putting soft soap on a lamp-post in order to see the lamp-lighter climb it, and said to him:

"My son, I have decided to adopt a different course with you. Heretofore I have been careful about giving you money, and have wanted to know where every cent went to, and my supervision has no doubt been annoying to you. Now, I am going to leave my pocket book in the bureau drawer, with plenty of money it, and you are at liberty to use all you want without asking me. I want you to buy anything you desire, buy your own clothes, and to feel as that you had not got to account for it. Just make yourself at home now, and try and have a good time."

The boy looked at the old gentleman, put his hand on his head as though he had "got 'em sure," and went out to see the lamp-lighter climb that soft soap. The next day the stern parent went out into the country, shooting, and returned on the midnight train three days later. He opened the door with a latch-key, and a strange yellow dog grabbed him by the elbow of your pants, and took him, he said "like the agur."

The dog barked and chewed until the son came down in his night shirt and called him off. He told his father he had bought that dog of a fireman for $11, and it was probably the best dog bargain that had been made this season. He said the fireman told him he could find a man who wanted that kind of a dog.

The parent took off his pants, what the dog had not removed, and in the hall he stumbled over a birch-bark canoe the boy bought of an Indian for $0, and an army musket with an iron ramrod fell down from the corner. The boy had paid $3 for that. He had also bought himself an overcoat with a seal-skin collar and cuffs, and a complete outfit of calico shirts and silk stockings.

In his room the parents found the marble top of a soda fountain, a wheelbarrow and shelf filled with all kinds of canned meat, preserves and crackers, and a barrel of apples. A wall tent and six pairs of blankets were rolled up ready for camping out, and a buckskin shirt and pair of corduroy pants lay on the bed ready for pulling on. Six fish-poles and an oyster can full of grubworms for bait were squirming on the wash-stand. The old gentleman looked the lay-out over, looked at his pocket-book in the bureau-drawer, as empty as a contribution box, and said:

"Young man, the times have been too flush. We will now return to a specie basis. When you want money come to me and I will give you a nickle, and you will tell me what you want to buy with it, or I'll warm you. You hear me."

And now that man stands around from the effects of the encounter with the yellow dog, and asks every man where a letter will reach Bob Ingersoll, he says he will kill Ingersoll if it is the last noble act he ever accomplishes.

A fictitious cable dispatch of inordinate length, purporting to emanate from a staff correspondent who has been sent across the seas to find Mr. Edison, is an amusing *jeu d'esprit* in *Saunder's Irish News.* When the correspondent landed in New York, President Hayes went tearing down Broadway to the Battery in an open carriage, drawn by six cream-colored horses, and preceded by a number of outriders in scarlet and gold, and squadron of siege artillery in full gallop. As they approached, the President descended from his carriage, saluted the correspondent on both cheeks, and immediately raised a cheer, which was at once taken up by his party and repeated from the Battery to the Central Park. The President carried his guests off to the White House, where they had birds-nest soup, blue fish, bread-fruit pilaff, and oysters in every style. After lunch the President drove the correspondent out (without the artillery) to see the sights in the immediate neighborhood—the Falls of Niagara, the prairies, the Yosemite Valley, and giant trees in Mariposa county. When he learned that the Irishman had crossed the seas to talk with Mr. Edison, the President urged him to do nothing of the sort. He remarked that the inventor was hardly ever at home, being generally in the Patent Office registering some new discovery, and besides he was so highly charged with electricity that it was dangerous to approach him. The President remarked that the inventor was frequently seen with a regular nimbus around his head, a sort of domestic aurora borealis, and one man who shook hands with him in a casual way, went home, took to his bed, and was prostrated by the violence of the electrical shock.

HOW LORNE'S PROSPECTS ARE VIEWED IN ENGLAND.—It is notorious that the Duchess of Edinburg, who is not popular in this country, by the way, espoused the cause of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise most warmly in the vain endeavor to secure the pair a more prominent place in court ceremonials than was allotted them by old and rigid custom. In Canada the Princess Louise will have no rival near her vice-regal throne, and we may expect, therefore, to hear of her dispensing the hospitalities of the governor generalship in a manner that would have graced Buckingham Palace in the days when the Queen had not foresworn the pomps and vanties of this wicked world. About the Marquis I am dubious. He comes of a family that was never remarkable for spending more money than was required to keep up the dignity of the House of Argyle. However, a very few weeks will suffice to show which way the wind blows. We have no doubt on this side of his capacity to win the affection of the people with whom he will be brought in contact, but if he aspire to fill the shoes of his uncommonly popular predecessor he will have to win their respect also. His only chance is the reasonable one that he will grow to the position. At present he is not big enough to fill it. And then he follows Lord Dufferin. In that view of the case the ordeal he is about to pass through is most severe. Here it is the general opinion that he will fail, but that is *not* my opinion.—*Cor. Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"I wonder, uncle, said a little girl, if men will ever yet live to be five hundred or a thousand years old?" "No, my child," responded the old man; "that was tried once, and the race grew so bad that the world had to be drowned."

LITTLE BERTIE'S FROCK.

He was walking up Malcomb street, peering in on the Italians, glancing into open windows at junk buyers, and now and then entering alleys to inspect rickety old vehicles standing in front of barns.

"What am I looking for?" he answered the policeman: "well, it may strike you as foolish, but I have been looking around for a whole month, and I may have to keep it up for another, I'm looking for a rag-buyer; I'd know his rig if I should see it again, but I haven't the least idea where he lives or where I'll find him."

"Did he steal something from you?"

"No—no," was the hesitating reply.

"Want him arrested for anything?"

"N—no."

The officer was wondering wat the cause could be, when the man said:—

I feel a bit ashamed to tell you, but perhaps you won't laugh at me. But you see I have old clothes on, and I don't look as if I had any cash to spare. I'm only a poor laboring man, renting a cottage up by the reservoir, and, though I've only the old woman with me, it's often that we have barely enough to eat. When there's plenty of work one of us is sure to fall sick, and when we are in health the world goes dead against us. It is a sort of a life and death struggle with us, and sometimes we sit it the darkness and wish we were dead and buried longside of our little Bertie, up in the poor folks' share of Elmwood. That little grave up there is all that keeps us here—we cling to life that we may keep flowers growing green there. I've stood on the streets many a time and felt like going to death at one jump, but that grave rose up to warn me back. On my way home at night I've feared, time after time, to find the house deserted or a corpse on the floor; but that little grave has restrained my wife the same as me.

"How old was she?" asked the officer, his own heart aching a little.

"Th—three years old," replied the man, "and she was the only child ever coming to bless us. We had luck enough before she died. I had work day in and day out; my wife was singing the whole day long, and when I started for home at night the knowledge that Bertie would be watching for me through the bars of the gate picked my feet up faster than anything has ever since."

"Well?" queried the officer, as the man paused.

"Well?" she took sick and died. I don't want to tell you more than that, or I'll be breaking right down here in the street, and the people will wonder if I've been drinking. It was three years ago she died but her voice rings in my ear to this hour the same as if I had left her at home. It's the same with the wife, sir—a dozen times a day she runs to the door, thinking she heard Bertie's voice; and I never go in that she doesn't look at me with reproach for not having our dead darling on my arm."

"I've lost two children," sighed the officer, as he turned his head away.

"Then you know how the wife treasures up the little dresses and stockings and hats and things. We put all those things away after the funeral, and, though it almost broke our hearts to set the bundle down and look it over, we somehow had to do it every Sunday, and there wasn't a thing which hadn't been tear-wet before the first year was gone. These relics were our riches. We wouldn't exchange them for the wealth of any man you can name. One day, about a month ago, a rag-buyer came along. You may think it funny, but even the poorest of the poor sometimes have rags to sell. My wife made up a little bundle that day—enough to get a tin cup, or something of the kind—and in some way or other Bertie's frock—our dead child's Sunday frock—got mixed up with the rags and papers, and was sold and carried off. My wife has done nothing but weep and lament since that day, and I've looked here and there and everywhere in hopes to find the rag man and get the precious relic back. It may seem a little thing to you, sir, but to us—we remember the first time she wore it—how proud she was—how we took her out walking—how much she looked like a rich man's child. That dress had more tear-stains than all the other relics, and, though I haven't $50 worth of furniture in the house, I'd give every stick of it and go into the street to find Bertie's Sunday frock. I don't expect to get it now. It has probably been shipped to the paper-mill ere this and we have lost it forever."

"I'm sorry," said the policeman.

"And when I go home to-night," whispered the man, "my wife will be standing at the gate, watching and hoping; and as far as she can see me she'll know by my face that the search has not availed. I had rather lose a finger than meet her white face and reproachful look. I wish we were both dead."

And with weary step and hopeless heart he dragged along, having such a mission as neither hope nor despair nor love brings to one in ten thousand.—*Detroit Free Press*

POISONOUS PAINTS AND WALL PAPERS.—Dr. H. C. Bartlett, in a paper read at the Cheltenham (Eng.) congress of the social science association, said: "Until the autumn of last year I was unable to form any accurate idea of the frequency of cases of severe illness occasioned by poisonous paints and wall papers. I had, it is true, within my own professional experience, known of several fearful outbreaks of lead poisoning among the work people employed in white lead works, and among painters and others working in an atmosphere heavily laden with the saturnine vapors given off in the process of applying such paint or during its drying. I had also been consulted in a great many instances respecting wall papers which were suspected of being colored with arsenic, in consequence of illness of the type recognized as arising from these sources. But when I was requested by Mr. Jabez Hogg, the well-known surgeon and microscopist, to furnish some particulars of the more striking cases I had investigated, to be laid before the government, I was astonished to find that during the last 11 years I have traced back no less then 123 cases of illness attributed either to the diffusion of carbonate of lead (common white paint) or to arsenical or antimonial coloring matter in paint or on wall papers. Others have been working in the same field of observation, and of those who have witnessed the danger of permitting the use of poisoning pigments and wall papers, I could mention the testimony of eminent medical men, analytical chemists and others who have recently protested against the employment of such deleterious substances.

There is very seldom so remarkable a revival of religion as that which is now occurring at Fall River, Mass. The whole city is declared to be moved by the power of the gospel. Hundreds of men and women, with some children, have been converted, including some of the most intelligent of the population. On the streets, in offices, shops, banks, stores, mills, conversions are occurring—religion is the universal topic of conversation. No place is large enough to hold the meetings in, and all agree that incalculable good has been done.

Delaware and Virginia are the only two states that have officially adopted the whipping post.

REAL CARE AND SHAM.

The sturdy son of the English church, the bishop of Manchester, recently, in the course of a public speech, made some sharp remarks on the frivolity of social life, and read the following letter from a young woman to illustrate:

"We breakfast about 10. Breakfast occupies the best part of an hour, during which we read our letters, and pick up the latest news in the paper. After that we have to go and answer our letters, and my mother expects me to write her notes of invitation, or reply to such. Then I have to go into the conservatory and feed the canaries and parrots, and cut off the dead leaves and faded flowers from the plants. Then it is time to dress for lunch, and at 2 o'clock we lunch. At 3 my mother likes me to go with her when she makes her calls, and we then come home to a 5 o'clock tea, when some friends drop in. After that we get ready to take our drive in the park, and then we go home to dinner, and after dinner we go to the theatre or the opera, and then when we get home I am so dreadfully tired that I don't know what to do."

This is an exaggerated picture, of course, or at least, however true of English society girls, could hardly be asserted of any considerable portion of this community. Yet the cares or what are magnified into cares of some people can hardly be of greater importance than feeding the canaries and parrots and cutting off dead leaves and faded flowers. There is a fatal facility in multiplying cares about nothing, until we seem to be absorbed and completely taken up with vanities and nothings. The more complex civilization gets, the more burdensome it becomes, until we are fain to run away in any direction from the tread-mill which we have built for ourselves. Take, for instance, the single item of the supply of food to our human necessities. Plenty is the first essential; then we must have variety and delicacy, then fine ware from which to eat and an experienced servant to care for it as well as to prepare the meals; other refinements are gradually added, until the performance of satisfying hunger amid plenty becomes a feat of organization, co-operation and execution, not at all inferior in difficulty to the original problem of procuring the raw material of food itself. It finally comes to this, that there is more distress over the failure of the domestic to scrub the silver or brush up the crumbs than there would once have been over the absence of the dinner entirely. Perhaps it is still truer of apparel that the demands of fashions impose on this generation more labor and vexation than the weaving and home manufacture of garments did upon the celebrated grandmothers.

This tendency of civilization to complicate rather than simplify our lives should be resisted at every turn. Let us be sure that these modern "conveniences" are not traps to impose some new and embarrassing fetters, quite different from the opportunity for enlarging life which is anticipated from them. Keep the necessities of life well within bonds and find something outside of them, of a more ennobling character, for all the leisure which can be made. It is very easy to fill up leisure with "fancy works" and "loafing" and imagine oneself tired from mere absence of exhilarating mental effort or personal experience outside of the most ordinary selfish ways of life.

It is sometimes a good moral discipline to think over one's burdens, separate the real and the necessary from the fictitious and the needlessly assumed. The value of the practice goes beyond personal life into public affairs. The difficulties of public problems arise more from manufactured obstacles to improvement and reform than from real ones, however real the former may sometimes be made to appear.—*Springfield Republican.*

WAGES AND THE COST OF LIVING.—Comparing the present market prices of all the articles of necessity and luxury that go to make up the cost of living, with the prices that obtained when wages were higher, it will be seen that wages have fully held their own. And if men will make the same comparison with regard to men's earnings and purchases, twenty, fifty, a hundred years ago, they will see that—thanks to cheaper and more rapid means of production and carriage through mechanical inventions—in every element of living, in housing, clothing, food, luxuries and the rest, the workingman of to-day has infinite advantage over his father, grandfather or great-grandfather. And he enjoys a multitude of privileges and benefits, in stable government, personal liberty and protection, gratuitous education for his children, free medical attendance, pure water, lighted streets, and other untaxed advantages which his ancestors never dreamed of or hoped for. His wages are higher and his money will buy more, dollar for dollar, than his father's would.

We do not say that the real as well as the relative cost of living is not advanced by every step forward in civilization. For ten days work an East India islander, according to Wallace, can manufacture or earn sago cakes enough to last him a year; and less labor will keep him supplied with the limited clothing he needs. A man needs more clothing here, and a greater variety of food; yet when it comes to the absolute necessities of men—the minimum cost of living—a very small portion of a man's yearly wages will keep him alive and comfortable. Thoreau built him a shanty in Walden woods and lived a year in it at a total cost of twenty-seven dollars, and never approached either squalor or starvation. The experiment is of value only in that it proves it possible for a man to get as much bare living here for a given amount of labor as a Polynesian can. If one man wants more—and very properly most men do want more—one must work for it; and our civilization happily offers at once more opportunity for labor, and infinitely more to be had for the proceeds of such labor, than have been attainable in any other land, under any other social or industrial conditions. And we doubt whether there was ever a time when industry and economy—using the term in its true sense of judicious management—would or could have met with a surer or more generous reward than in our own land to day.—*Scientific American.*

At the recent attempted assassination of the King of Italy by Passavanti, Signor Carroll, the Prime Minister, who was riding in the carriage with their majesties, was chiefly instrumental in preventing the King from receiving at least a serious wound. Describing the attack to his colleagues, the other ministers, Carroll gave a detail which has not been generally known. "It was very fortunate," said he, "that in getting into the carriage I had made a mistake. Instead of placing myself opposite the queen, as I should have done, I sat opposite the king. After the carriage had started I pointed out to his majesty the mistake I had made, and wished to change my seat, but the king begged me not to do it, but to stay where I was. If I had not been opposite the king I should not have been able to defend him efficaciously from the blows of the assassin, who would probably have also attacked the young Prince of Naples." The Prince of Naples is the price-royal of Italy. Carroll, it will be remembered, was severely wounded by the assassin.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Which is better, to die eating or diet?

The birthplace of Burns—The Kerosene can.

In Washington roses are blooming out of doors.

Nothing was made in vain, except human blood.

Can a man make a square meal off a round of beef.

Pointers and setters—proof readers and compositors.

Who was the first girl mentioned in the Bible? Jennie Sis.

The man who didn't get much in his stocking put his foot in it.

When is aid not an aid? When it is a blockade.—*Boston Transcript.*

The man's wages who works in a distillery are Excelsior—still hire.

A farmer at Newburg, New York has eaten 180 oysters in 20 minutes.

When is a codfish like a supplementry will? When the cod is ill.—*Ex.*

We must strive so to live, that He can say "Well done, good and faithful servant."

We want to find the wretch who sent us a pair of herring boxes for slippers.—*R. O.*

"I like to make sponge-cake," she said, innocently; "it makes my hands so clean."

Frogs were the original greenbacks, and since they first drew breath they have been inflationists.

Among the banners borne in a temperance procession in a country town was one reading: "All's well when daddy's sober."

The youth who was recommenden to dye the fluffy whiskers he had begun to cherish, aptly responded they were too young to die.

A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent will with an ounce of energy.

The Stamford *Advocate* propounded the most seasonable pun. Why is a man just out of bed in the morning like the year 1878? Because he is drawing near his clothes.

"I don't insist upon pedigree for a man or horse. If a horse don't trot, the pedigree is all right; if he kan't, I wouldn't give a shilling a yard for his pedigree."—*Billings.*

"How many rods make a furlong?" asked a father of his son, a fast urchin, as he came home from school. "Well, I don't know," was the reply of young hopeful; "but I fancy you'd think one rod made an acher if you got such a tanin' as I did from old Scroggins this afternoon."

You can judge of his condition by the following: "I shay, my frien', can you tell me where the other side of the street is?" "Certainly. Just across the way. Why do you ask?" "Why, because a minute ago I asked another feller the same thing; and (hic) he said this was the other side of the street."

"I hez long bin of de 'pinyun," began Penstock, as he secured the floor, "dat de holidays of this kentry come too much in a lump. F'rinstance, Thanksgivin', Christmas, an' New Year's pile in on us in a heap, almos', an' we hev chicken, goose, an' turkey till de eye grows dim an' de frost fills up. Den comes a skip of six months afore de Fo'th July am ushered in wid de roar of cannon an' de whoop of de small boy. It's like payin' a hull y'ar's rent in advance, instead of scatterin' it long in 10 or 12 payments. As far as my inflooence goes, I shell give it to consolidate dese cold-wedder holidays into one, to be called 'Thankschrisyear' an' to set it ahead to January 1st."

HOW THEY DID IT.

They were sitting side by side,
And he sighed and she sighed.
Said he: "Your hand I ask, so bold I've grown,"
And she groaned and he groaned.
Said he: "You are cautious, Belle,"
And she bellowed and he bellowed,
Says he: "You shall have your private gig,"
And she giggled and he giggled.
Said she: "My dearest Luke!"
And he looked and she looked.
Said he: "Upon my soul there's such a weight,"
And she waited and he waited.
Said he: "I'll have thee if thou wilt,"
And he wilted and she wilted.

WELL ANSWERED.—"Have you ever been in prison?" asked a lawyer of a witness, whom he was disposed to badger and bully, as the profession are apt to do.

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"In 1863."

"Where?"

"At Andersonville."

There was a momentary pause for breath, then a round of applause that shook the court house. The lawyer felt all the rest of the day as if an inch-and-a-half hose attached to a street hydrant was playing to the tune of the "Rogue's March" up and down his spinal column.

"CAUTHE MOTHER AND ME CAN'T AGREE."—"If you pleathe, thir," said Bijah's first caller, a little girl of 10, "I've run away from home, thir."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished janitor, as he looked down upon her bare head.

"I've run away from home, thir, 'cauthe mother and me can't agree, thir," she replied, making herself very much at home in the big chair.

"Wall, I swan!" he growled, as he drew up a chair.

"Tho do I, thir," she put in.

"Then you have run away from home, eh? Well, I never heard of such a case before."

"Nor I, either, thir."

"When did you leave home?" he asked, as he kindly wiped her little nose.

"Thith afternoon, thir. Ma and I had a dithpute at the dinner table and I made up my mind to run away, and here I am, thir."

"What did you come to me for?"

"I want you to get me a place as a hired girl, thir. I can wath towels, sweep the floor, build fires, look after the baby and fry pancakes, and I'll work for five cents a week, thir."

The old man leaned backed and laughed till the whole top of his head was red, and and the child put on new dignit and said:—

"Do you think I'd lie, thiry? Don't you think I'm big enough for a hired girl, thir!"

"Then you couldn't agree with you' mother?" he asked, as soon as he could control his merriment.

"No, thir. Mother uses lard to shorten piecrust while I use butter, and so she boxed my ears; and I ran away from home. Do you know of any family wanting a hired girl, thir?"

He argued and coaxed, but she was determined not to return home. Going to the closet, he brought out a hunk of molasses candy and a handful of peanuts, and she soon consented to go back and give her mother another trial.—*Detroit Free Pr. ess.*

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE G. THOMAS, Editor.

Th ursday, January 9, 1879.

OFFICE—48 Radcliffe St., cor. Walnut St. BRISTOL, PA.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Ingle copies.....5 cents.
One year.....$1 50.
One year, payment strictly in advance....$1 00

THE TRAMP QUESTION.

Poughkeepsie has practically solved the Tramp Question. For the benefit of those in Bristol who have not the heart to refuse a sturdy beggar food and raiment when he asks it, for fear that he may suffer, we call the attention of our borough authorities to the Poughkeepsie plan in the hope that they will adopt that or some equally efficacious method of relief here. Attached to the Poughkeepsie Almshouse is a quarry from which stone is taken in bowlders by pauper labor and conveyed to the stone-yard of the institution, inclosed by a rough shed. This yard is supplied with wooden boxes which hold two three or four feet square of broken stone of the size of stove coal. Numerous sledge-hammers are also lying around loose. At dusk the loafing tramp applies for shelter. He is told he can have a bunk for the night if he will break three feet square of stone. Seven times out of ten he refuses to do it. If he consents he is conducted to the stone-yard, and when his task is finished he is given something to eat and a bed. In the morning he wants breakfast. "Will you earn it in the stone-yard?" asks the the Superintendent. If he concludes to do so he is again sent to the yard. If he breaks the stone he is given his breakfast. In nine cases out of ten he never goes there again. In fact the records show that the tramp applications for temporary relief at that Almshouse since the opening of the stone-yard has fallen off fully 70 per cent. Indeed the whole tramp fraternity have come to know that Poughkeepsie must be avoided.

The stone-yard system also works admirably so far as the city poor is concerned. If the head of a family applies for relief he is told he can have work in the stone yard at 50 cents per day till he can find something else to do, and many avail themselves of the opportunity. All the broken stone (and there are thousands of wagon loads) is used to macadamize the streets of the city, and it pays. If Bristol should adopt some such system as this, professional tramps would give this borough a wide berth.

—In the contest against Sheriff Ely, depositions were taken on Monday. There was no testimony to prove any of the allegations made against Ely, but Jonathan Shoemaker, of Yardleyville, said that Thomas B. Scott had made promises to him before election, of certain things he would do in return for his influence, and under cross examination he stated that about three weeks ago, Scott said to him that if he would go and swear that Ely gave him money the Democratic party would make it a big object for him. Judge Watson held the matter under advisement until yesterday, when he dismissed the petition, as well as the one in regard to the recount of the vote for Prothonotary. All the newly elected officers have taken possession of their offices, and no other harem-scarem tactics will likely be attempted to deprive of office those whom the people legally and fairly elected. In the case of Prothonotary, the Governor has not yet appointed any one and James Barrett holds over until his successor shall be duly qualified.

—The New York *Tribune* sums up the shining bursts of Democratic wisdom, concerning the Republican policy of resumption, in this wise:

First there is the National Democratic Convention's demand for the repeal of the Resumption Act as a "hindrance to resumption," and its accompanying denunciation of the "financial imbecility and immorality" of the Republican party for making "no advance toward resumption." Then comes Mr Tilden's eleven-story argument in defence of those observations, commonly called his letter of acceptance. Then there is the venerable Wm. Allen's observation in sulphur that the act is a "d—d barren ideality," and there is his promising Nephew Thurman's remarkable speech of last year, setting forth illimitable and irredeemable paper money as the only hope of the nation. There is also the declaration of Ben Hill that the way to ruin the Republican party was to permit it to try to resume and fail.

—There are over 7,000 Americans studying in German schools and universities. The American Consul at Wurtemberg estimates that over $4,500,000 is thus annually expended by Americans in Germany. This amount, he thinks, would go a long way toward building up and sustaining similar institutions at home. Among the evils of a student's life in Germany he cites "the free and easy ways of social life that surround them," and an attachment to foreign customs which makes them "restless under moral restraints, and weakens their attachment to the laws and systems of their native land."

—It is absolutely necessary for the Democrats to carry New York in 1880 to elect their candidate for President. Without the thirty-five votes of the Empire State, there is not the ghost of a chance for them to succeed, and no Democrat will be as sure of carrying that State as that wily and unprincipled veteran in politics, Samuel J. Tilden. That was the way Democrats reasoned in 1876, and they will reason that way in 1880. Neither Thurman, Hendricks nor Bayard can muster much strength in New York, and among the conspicuous candidates, therefore, Tilden is the most promising.

—The statistics of the commerce of the eleven months of 1878, ending with November 30, have been revised to January 2. They show a balance of trade in merchandise, in favor of America, amounting to $269,558,619, against a similar balance in the corresponding period of 1877 amounting to $100,804,900. The balance in specie is in favor of imports to the amount of $1,707,806. In the eleven months of 187[illegible] there was an excess of exports of specie, amounting to $24,298,270.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6, 1879.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Another New Years has come and gone. Its receptions were on as grand and general a scale as those of its predecessors, and were as universally attended by plebeian and aristocrat. To one who who has been witnessing them for nearly a score of years, there now comes a sameness of appearance and a monotony in our Washington official receptions that reminds him of the glare and tinsel of a circus, which, though they roused him into the highest state of excitement when a boy, now fail even to interest, because time has wrought no change beyond the new faces which serve out to the spectator what is incident to the occasion. Every stranger, official, and office-seeker in the city naturally tends to the White House New Year's Day. Etiquette compels the visit of the official, and curiosity the plebeian; and from 10 to 2 o'clock every door and approach to the Presidential mansion is thronged with those who seek to shake hands with the President. No one with the slightest sense of the ridiculous can repress a smile at the absurdity of thousands struggling in crowds, so dense as to render passage from one room to another the work of an hour's time, simply to shake hands with a man who has no more knowledge of their identity than he has of a western buffalo. Yet so it is, and women and men undergo the ordeal of being jammed and flattened out into pancakes and masses of bruised and disordered apparel with the best of good nature under all their various afflictions, just for the pleasure of touching the President's hands. No visitor or newcomer to Washington should waive or omit attending one White House reception, but a second call involves such a trial that it is inexplicable to us how many have strength or will to gratify that morbid curiosity which leads them to visit every reception given during the winter. Neither Secretary or General Sherman received, owing to the death of their brother New Year's morning. But had Mr. Sherman's house been open as was intended, he would have received an ovation, in so far as personal greetings could have given it. Everywhere was the expression, "He must be congratulated over the success of resumption," and his parlors would have been crowded to their utmost by his admirers. Mr. Evarts received in his usual quiet and self-possessed manner, and with that usual look on his face, indicating that his thoughts were with some knotty problem in diplomacy or jurisprudence, rather than with a ceremony which compelled him to give his hand to a stranger, who thereupon walked off to another room where refreshments were served in an abundant and sumptuous manner. Mrs. Evarts, too, shook hands with all visitors, and, when time and the crowd permitted, introduced all to her daughter, who assisted her. She has a quiet matronly manner, which strongly impresses one, as he catches her clear gaze turned full upon him, that while she is thoroughly at home in the parlor, she posses an additional American characteristic of having done a mother's full duty in the nursery and household, and of being at home wherever dame fortune puts her.

It does one good to drop into Secretary McCrary's. He is the squarest specimen of Republicanism in the Cabinet, and as good a specimen of Iowa muscle and brains as that loyal State can find in her borders. His wife dwarfs in appearance in contrast with his full and vigorous physique, but her face makes due amends, for it shows a superabundance of western vim and intelligence, and clearly indicates where her handsome daughter, who assisted her, gets her attractiveness and accomplishments. The visitor at once feels himself to be where "the latch string is out and a snack in the cupboard," and leaves the house strongly impressed that here is a family which the retiracy of Mr. Hayes in 1881 will by no means bury from public notice. Washington is studded all over with men who figured in national matters, but have since become subjects of the political undertaker. But we predict that Secretary McCrary will not be taken to the mysterious realm of the political Thanatopsis for many a day hence. Nor will be allow Bounding Banning's Army Bill to bury him and his present power without a fight that hurts somebody before he surrenders; "he's got the sand in him."

Our Christmas was rather a quiet one though our Southern custom of universal absorption of egg-nog from private tables and free restaurant counters, served to unsteady many heads and feet, and to send many devout worshippers at this social shrine to an early bed at home, or the soft side of a pine board at some station house. We forget Father Matthews' teachings on Christmas, and then do our duty like Congressmen do on the last twenty-four hours of a session.

The polar wave swept down on us on Thursday, sent our thermometers to 2 below zero, and then pierced us to the marrow with a norther that refused to be kept out of our houses.

D. D.

—Grenville Murray, in a new "Round About France" paper, tells how Paris is washed, starched and ironed every week. He says that French laundresses have an awkward trick of putting on the fine linen of their lady customers to deck themselves withal on festive occasions; and this they do especially at the yearly festival of washerwomen which takes place on the Thursday of Mid-Lent. On that day the laundresses of each washhouse elect a Queen—generally the prettiest girl who washes or irons in the quarter; she in turn nominates a King, some fascinating young man who drives a laundry cart, and the pair being tricked out in their best are driven about all day in a carriage and pair, followed by a gallant procession of other washerwomen and washermen in vans, carts, and gigs of every description. In the evening there is a grand dinner, for which two or three *lactors* club together, and the proceedings wind up with a ball. During Mi-Careme week ladies have often to complain that their smartest petticoats, silk stockings, and lace handkerchiefs are missing; for the Queens get themselves up regardless of other people's expense, and are never so pleased as when they can find among their customers' bundles the materials for a snowy bridal costume, all white and fresh.

—Tilden's arrival in Washington is not yet announced.

—Charles Francis Adams has resigned his position as a government director of the Union Pacific Railroad, on the ground that he does not like to receive favors from a road which it may be his duty to criticise.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

☞Communications intended for this column must be addressed to "Children's Editor," GAZETTE Office, Bristol.

A Letter to the Boys and Girls.

There will be a department in this paper hereafter, for the Boys and the Girls! It may not prove very entertaining for the very, very *big* boys—or the very, very big *girls*. But if they don't like what we give them, perhaps they will read it to the younger ones of the family, the small brothers and sisters, who, it is probable, cannot read very satisfactorily for themselves.

It has often occurred to my mind, that it might be a good thing if the GAZETTE could occasionally have something in its columns for the sole benefit of the *young* people. By "something," I don't mean preaching, boys, or exhorting—or even entreating. I mean something merely to *entertain* the boys and the girls whose fathers and mothers take this paper. Now I have heard it said that young people are the very hardest beings in the world to write for—but my experience has always proved exactly the contrary. That they, (the boys especially) don't like too much preaching, or too many anecdotes of the "goody" youths, who only appear to get good on purpose to *die*, is certain—no more do I—so on that point we shall agree to a dead certainty.

When I was a boy, and my father would say to me, "Tom why in the world are you always sauntering round in that lazy way with your hands in your pockets, can't you find anything to do, why don't you read, ever," and my mother would chime in, with, "Yes, I'm afraid Thomas will get into idle habits this vacation," I would, perhaps take up the paper—The *Weekly Trumpeter* for a few minutes. But I never found much in it. A silly love story on the first page, was all that was specially new to me—I was as well acquainted with all the local news, as the editor himself, and the advertisements filled up the rest of the little sheet. The daily paper, I never dreamed of touching.—In the first place, the type was very poor, and in the next place, I shouldn't have read it, if it had been otherwise. I didn't care for the news, either foreign or domestic. Father was sure to tell us at the table all that was worth hearing—and that was quite enough for me.

My twin sisters, who were great readers for their time of life—they were ten, when I was twelve—read every word of The *Trumpeter*, and then bewailed to each other that nothing was ever written in it for young people, and heartily do I remember echoing this sentiment. However, after while, somebody did commence a weekly column for children—giving us puzzles to make out, and riddles to guess, and once, offering us a year's subscription to the *Weekly Trumpeter*, for the best solution of a *very* abstruse enigma.

I didn't get that prize!

The recollection of the fun we used to have over those conundrums and puzzles—and the faith we placed in the anecdotes and stories, set me to thinking of a youth's column for the GAZETTE.

If anybody, great or small, has anything to communicate for this department, they may address Children's Editor, GAZETTE Office, Bristol.

And this letter shall close with a question, "What does phthologuyrth spell?" It is the name of a celebrated English artist, and is spelled by a system called phonetic spelling. It is quite a puzzle to make out, unless one, has seen it explained, as was done in a daily paper a few months since.

—Blair county people do not take kindly to the new county project.

—The Susquhanna river is ice-bound from Columbia to its source.

—Amos W. Bertolet, an Allentown pedestrian, proposes to walk a hundred miles in thirty five hours.

—It is expected that the [illegible] will be cut and shipped from Clearfield county by next spring 50,000,000 feet of lumber.

—It is a curious fact developed by the last New York census that there are in that state over twelve thousand families living in log cabins.

—The Dayton *Journal* calls on Tom Ewing to rise in Congress and denounce the insolent greenback for going to par before the time fixed by law.

—A young girl in Baltimore has been wearing boy's clothing and making love to her girl friends, and has lately shot one of them for rejecting her attention.

—Benjamin Hunter, who is to be hanged to-morrow, has, it is asserted by his keepers made a confession which will be used at the trial of his accomplice, Graham.

—After the inauguration of Henry A. Hoyt as governor of Pennsylvania, there will be three Hoyts occupying executive position, two being governors of territories.

—The best New Year's gift was received by "Uncle Sam," in the shape of a subscription for nearly $9,000,000 of the new four per cent. bonds—the largest sum ever subscribed in a single day.

—The Pennsylvania Board of Pardons has recommended the commutation of the death sentence imposed upon Blasius Pistorius, the ex-Catholic priest, to imprisonment for life.

—Russia follows the custom, and announces a grand International Exhibition at Moscow in 1880. It will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's accession to the throne.

—The Little Rock *Gazette* says that one railway has spent over $150,000 within the past three years to promote immigration into Arkansas, and that it is just beginning to reap the fruit of its labors.

—Mr. James A. Whistler, the London artist, is the son of G. W. Whistler, once an engineer connected with the Stonington and the Boston road. The father went to Russia, and his painter son was born at St. Petersburg, about 1834. The son entered West Point in 1851, but as a soldier was not a success.

—The colored drivers and school children of Augusta, Ga., propose to organize a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in memory of Miss Louise King, whose death has been so deeply mourned in that community. She was a highly accomplished woman, more distinguished for her philanthrophy and good deeds than for her wealth, beauty and accomplishments, great as they were. She had been particularly active in organizing societies and securing legislation for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

—In Cincinnati lives a woman whose years have more than completed a century and whose recollection goes back vividly to the days of the Irish Rebellion of '98, all of which she saw and part of which she was. Only a few days ago did her health fail her so that she could not walk alone, and not until then was she unable to thread a needle and sew without glasses. Her story is that she was born twenty years before the Revolution near Londonderry. To a reporter of *The Enquirer* she related from memory the terrible scenes in which the Irish peasants in those days were engaged. With other women she hid herself in the grass and in corn-fields, while the British dragoons plundered and burned their cabins the flames of which lighted up the country for miles around. Of the famine of 1847-'48 she says it was during its prevalence that she came to this country and settled in Cincinnati, although at that time she was nearly seventy years of age. She brought eleven children with her.

—Caleb Cushing, the veteran American statesman, died at his home in Newburyport, Mass., on Tuesday night last, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was a prominent Democrat up to the time of the rebellion, and was a member of President Pierce's cabinet. He was eight years in Congress, and a minister to China. Since President Lincoln's administration he has been identified with the Republican party; and was sent as minister to Spain by President Grant. He was a thorough scholar and exceptional linguist. Daniel Webster used to say that he found in him an inexhaustible and most convenient encyclopedia of information. Another admirer, on hearing of his death, said that the loss to the world is like that which would be felt upon the burning of a magnificent library of rare and unduplicated books. Mr. Cushing leaves no direct heirs. His total wealth is variously estimated at from $300,000 to $800,000.

—Wilhelmj and Remenyi have wakened the country in the matter of violin playing. Old concert-goers and sweet girl piano-graduates, alike grow eloquent, discoursing upon the wonders and delights of this most marvelous of instruments—the one of all others that seems to have a soul of its own, claiming and responding to human sympathy. Paganini is once more a household name, and all the lesser, yet great violinists, are familiarly discussed. *St. Nicholas*, the oracle of the child-world, promises to meet the need of the hour, by giving in its February issue two illustrated violin papers. One of these deals with the instrument itself and its history; the other, entitled "Little Nicholas and How he became a Great Musician," gives the life and portrait of the great Paganini.

—Information of negotiations for an arrangement between the Central Railroad of New Jersey, Delaware and Round Brook Railroad, the North Pennsylvania Railroad, with the Baltimore and Ohio Road for a through connection, was first given to the public last spring. Those negotiations have at last been consummated, and on January 1st, the transportation of through freight by this route commenced. A connection has been made through Philadelphia, via the Reading Road, and the union of the tracks at the junction near Erie Avenue is now being done.

—William Wirt Henry, grandson of Patrick Henry and an eminent member of the Richmond bar and a leader in the Virginia Legislature, wants Bayard for President, and says that he will vote for a hard-money Republican rather than for a Greenback Democrat.

Miscellaneous.

DR. THOMAS,
COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 63,000 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office
912 Walnut Street, (South Side),
Philadelphia.

For Rent.
SEVERAL small stone houses on Lafayette Street, and one ten-room house on Derrance Street. JOSHUA PEIRCE.

$1500. For Sale.
A VERY desirable first-mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars, with interest payable semi-annually. JOSHUA PEIRCE.

For Sale.
HOUSES of every size and description. Term of payment very liberal.
JOSHUA PEIRCE.

For Sale.
ANO. 8 Universe Cooking Stove. The best in the market. Apply at this office.

100. For Sale. 100.
I HAVE ONE HUNDRED BUSHELS of PRIME NEW TIMOTHY SEED for sale, which is hard to beat in quality. All kinds of grain taken in exchange for Seed, at the Newportville Mills, Bucks County, Pa.
ISAAC C. FETTER.

For Sale.
THE Large THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSE at the north corner of RADCLIFFE AND PENN Sts., containing 12 rooms. It is beautifully located—second to none in Bristol—well built, nearly new and conveniently arranged throughout.
Inquire of
176 M. A. WALMSLEY, Bristol, Pa.

For Sale.
DESIRABLE INVESTMENT.
9 FIRST MORTGAGE COUPON, six per cent. Bonds, of the Bristol Gas Light Co., for $1000 each, (clear of all taxes) at par, and accrued interest from November 1st 1878. Apply at the office of the Company, or to either of the undersigned.
LOUIS A. HOGUET.
ANTHONY SWAIN.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County.
BRISTOL, PA 12 Mo. 12th, 1878.
THE Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that the annual meeting for the election of Directors will be held at the Banking House, on Third day, the 14th of First month, 1879, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 1 P. M.
C. T. IKEDELL, Cashier.

Notice.
AS I have been compelled to vacate the premises No. 28 Mill Street, which I have occupied as a BAKERY, I have secured the premises on MILL STREET, opposite A. L. Packer's Flour and Feed Store, where I intend carrying on the Baking business. Thanking the public kindly for their past patronage, I hope by proper attention to business to receive a continuance of the same. Yours respectfully, A. M. HOFF.
N. B.—All orders received at the store, or by the carriers, or through the mail, will be promptly attended to. 196

Notice.
THE Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bristol Library will be held in the Library room on Thursday, January 9th, at 7:30 P. M., to elect a Board of Managers for the ensuing year, and to transact other business.
A. WEIR GERKESON,
Secretary.

Bristol.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

J. Wesley Wright,

Next to Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET.

BRISTOL, PA.

Will open to-day a full line of useful and Fancy Goods suitable for

HOLIDAY SALES,

To which I invite all to

COME AND SEE.

Parties in search of Staple Goods for Holiday presents, cannot fail to find upon our well filled shelves something to suit, at prices as low as can be found anywhere.

Dress Goods, in all their variety.
Domestics, Dry Goods of all kinds.
Ladies' Coats and Shawls at all prices.
Ladies', Misses', and Children's furs.
Hand-knit Zephyr Goods for children's wear.

HANDKERCHIEFS

Put up in all conceivable styles from 6c. box to $5.00 box.

FANCY PERFUMERY BOXES, DRESSING CASES, WORK BOXES, LINEN PORTFOLIOS, HAND MIRRORS, POCKET BOOKS from 5cts., to $3.00.

And a thousand other things suitable for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

For the gentlemen we have

HANDKERCHIEFS

In endless variety.

GLOVES OF ALL KINDS.

POCKET BOOKS, CIGAR CASES, SHOE-BLACKING CASES AND SETS, ETC.

To the boys and girls with their parents we would be glad to show our stock of.

DOLLS, TOYS.
DOLLS, TOYS.
DOLLS, TOYS.

CARRIAGES AND HORSES, TOOL CHESTS, SLEDS.

BOOKS FOR YOUTH.

All sorts of things to

MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY.

SILVER PLATED AND Fancy Glass Ware,

Table Cutlery, Castors,

Toilet Sets, Spoons,

Napkins Etc.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is full of stock for

HOLIDAY SALES.

FRUITS in great variety and fresh.

CANNED GOODS of all descriptions.

PICKLES in various styles.

POULTRY FRESH DAILY.

POULTRY FRESH DAILY.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONARY.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONERY.

NO SUCH STOCK

In quantity, quality, or variety, to be found in Bucks County.

J. Wesley Wright,

Next to Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

Miscellaneous.

CHRISTMAS!

Each succeeding year makes plainer the fact that there is a rapidly growing taste for Holiday Gifts, combining usefulness with beauty and correct taste.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

Have made very extensive preparations for supplying the prevailing taste, and have now on daily exhibition the largest stock of useful and beautiful articles ever placed on sale in Philadelphia. An examination will convince any one that almost every department of the house contains articles more appropriate for Christmas offerings than gifts of silver or gold.

All who find it inconvenient to visit Philadelphia, are cordially invited to make their selections and order their goods through our



MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Of late the business transacted through this Department has been so heavy as to necessitate the employment of additional help, but the perfect system in practice enables us to promptly answer every request for samples, and to fill at once every order in the most satisfactory manner.

Below we give a necessarily brief list of articles especially adapted for Holiday Gifts.

INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS.
HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS.
COL'D BORDER HANDKERCHIEFS.
FANCY SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.
H'NDK'RCHIEFS IN FANCY BOXES. For Ladies, Gentleman and Children.
GENTLEMEN'S SILK AND CASHMERE MUFFLERS.
LADIES' EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND CUFFS.
LADIES NECKTIES AND BOWS.
RUFFLING AND SCARFS.
GENT'S NECKWEAR OF EVERY STYLE.
FANCY HOSIERY.
SILK HOSIERY.
UNDERWEAR IN SILK, WOOL CASHMERE AND MERINO. For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.
GENTS COLLARS AND CUFFS.
INDIA AND PAISLEY SHAWLS.
LADIES' COATS AND SUITS.
CHILDRENS' COATS AND SUITS.
BOYS' CLOTHING AND OVERCOATS.
INFANTS' OUTFITS.
NOVELTIES IN SKIRTS.
PIANO, TABLE AND ORGAN COVERS.
FINE DAMASK TABLE COVERS.
NAPKINS TO MATCH.
TOILET REQUISITES.
BLANKETS AND QUILTS.
EIDERDOWN QUILTS.
CARRIAGE LAP ROBES.
SILK UMBRELLAS.
JAPANESE LACQUER GOODS.
CELLULOID TOILET SETS.
POCKET BOOKS.
WRIST WARMERS.
GLOVES OF ALL KINDS.
FANS, ETC.
SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS.
DRESS GOODS.
PRINTS AND CRETONNES.

&c., &c., &c.

TWENTY-FIVE CASES

Twenty-Five Cent Dress Goods,

Especially Adapted for Christmas Presents.

Our greatly enlarged store room, this season, enables us to comfortably accommodate the many hundreds of our customers who may have heretofore found difficulty in getting waited upon at our crowded counters.

The price of everything is guaranteed to be absolutely the lowest.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

N. W. Corner Eighth & Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE!

GREATEST MARK-DOWN IN FINE CLOTHING

EVER KNOWN.

We shall close out in the next thirty days our entire stock of **Winter Clothing** at a **TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.** Our ticket girls and stock-keepers have been about a week making the necessary changes for this sale, changing the price-tickets for the **Mark-Down** etc.

NOTE THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

Men's Overcoats	$5.00; formerly 67.50
Cloth-Bound Diagonal Overcoats	8.00; formerly 10.00
Fine Plaid-Back Overcoats	15.00; formerly 18.00
Good Black Fur Beaver Overcoats	8.00; formerly 11 00
Satin-Lined Fur Beaver Overcoats	25.00; formerly 35.00
A large variety of Fur Beaver Ulsters from $6.00 to $22.00	
Good Suits	8.00; formerly 10.00
Excellent Cassimere suits	13.00; formerly 18.00
Finest Black Cheviot Suits	15.00; formerly 17.00
FINEST Business Suits	18.00; formerly 22.00
Diagonal Dress Suits	15.00; formerly 18.00
Excellent Dress Suits	20.00; formerly 25.00
Good cassimere Vest and Pants	5.00; formerly 7.50
Good Cassimere Pants	2.50; formerly 7.50
Good Cassimere Pants	3.00; formerly 5.00
Good Diagonal Pants	4.00; formerly 5.50
Youth's Vests, only	.50; formerly 1.50

These Reductions have been made to force the sale of our still immense stock, unsold on account of the backwardness of the season.

A. C. YATES & CO.

LEDGER BUILDING, Chestnut Street, cor. Sixth Street, PHILADELPHIA.

COOK & JAQUES,

STATE STREET, Trenton, N. J.

Have a Fine Selection of Choice Cameo, Pearl, Onyx and Amethyst Rings. Diamond and 18K Plain Engagement Rings. Stone-Cameo Lockets for Ladies and Gents, Mosaic Pins, Crosses and Lockets. Opera, Matinee and Chatelain Chains. Gold and Plated Vest Chains.

STERLING SILVER And COIN SILVER Spoons, Forks, etc.

Various articles for WEDDING PRESENTS, in Bronze and Silver. All the new styles of Buttons and studs.

The **Agents direct** for the sale of all brands of of American WATCHES. Watch-cases made to suit customers in design. We sell all the finest brands of Foreign Watches for Ladies and Gents.

All kinds of *FINE WATCH REPAIRING* done in the store. Agents for the ARUNDEL TINTED EYE-GLASSES AND SPECTACLES.

COOK & JAQUES, 41 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

Are the Leading Jewelers.

IVINS & BROTHER,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Furniture, Bedding and Feathers,

Nos. 64, 66 & 68 North Second, Near Arch Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

W. J. HEISS BRO. & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Girard Avenue and Front Street, Philadelphia

FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette.

Thursday, January 9, 1879.

SORTS.

—The Temperance Lyceum will be held next Tuesday evening, in Cabeen's Hall.

—During the week two ice boats have been gliding swiftly over the ice on the river, laughing to scorn the attempts of skaters to catch them.

—Two framed dwelling house, the property of William H. White, on Bath street, was sold on Saturday afternoon, by John C. Stuckert, assignee, to Jared Hellings for $1750.

—William Kinsey, Esq., who was suddenly taken ill Wednesday of last week, while returning home from Doylestown, is improving and will doubtless soon be able to get about again.

—All persons who have not yet done so, had better pay their borough tax, as Constable Louderbough says the failure to do so before the spring election will debar them from voting.

—At the meeting of the Bristol Building Association, on Monday evening, one loan was sold to Susan Hibbs at 46½ cents premium, and five loans to Harry S. Allen at 33½ cents premium.

—At the assignee's sale of William H. White's property, on Saturday, one sixteenth of the Schooner Ellwood Doron was sold for $235, and one eighth of the Schooner Annie E. Stephens, for $350.

—The week of prayer is being observed by the different churches. Meetings have been held every evening during the week. But instead of having services this evening the Presbyterians held a meeting this afternoon.

—The mode of "rapid transit" between Burlington and Bristol, this week has been by three sleighs, the proprietors of which have done a good business by sleighing passengers across on the ice at twenty cents for the round trip.

—Hon. Symington Phillips who has been absent from town for several days, attending the State Legislature, at Harrisburg, having seen that the Republican caucus was all straight for Don Cameron, returned home last night.

—The Shareholders of the Bristol Library Company will hold their first annual meeting this evening, in Washington Hall, for the purpose of electing a board of managers, and attending to such other business as may come before them for action.

—Prof. Alfred Surdon, of Philadelphia, will commence a conversational class to learn the French language, next Monday forenoon, in the second story of Washington Hall. The trial lesson will be free. The system requires no books and no grammar, the language being entirely taught by conversation.

—A committee of Fire Company No. 1 went to Philadelphia on Monday to purchase furniture for their room in the remodeled engine house. The furniture is expected to arrive to-day, and when it is arranged in its new quarters, and the other fixings are "fixed," the firemen will be proud to have such sumptuous apartments.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday evening, January 8, 1879: Harvey Bailey, Wm. Brown, Miss Sarah Booz, Miss Ann Carr, Annie Chase, Nellie Derer, Winnie Gleason, Frank Green, J. L. King, John Kinsey, Mary L. Kingston, Jane Lawler, James Magill, Rose McCollum, Samuel Nelser, Mrs. Lizzie M. Reed, John G. Shull, Annie S. Stackhouse, J. W. Scarborough, John Quigley, Mrs. Lees Wood, and E. F. White.

—The Relief Society, though hardly under way, has had an over abundance of applicants at its office for relief. It is said that some parties have moved into the borough on purpose to be able to come under the class of those who may get help. The board of visitors report that there is vastly more destitution in the town than anybody anticipated, and it will require earnest work on the part of those interested in this philanthropic project to enable the society to meet the demands upon it.

—The Board of Managers, of the Bristol Library passed the following resolution at their last meeting: *Resolved*;—That the thanks of this Board be extended to those who participated in the musical and tableaux entertainment of the second instant, given for the benefit of the Bristol Library; and especially are they due to those whose praiseworthy industry, skill and management were conspicuous in the careful and elaborate preparations, insuring the entire and gratifying success of said entertainment.

—Hermione Lodge, No. 109, Knights of Pythias, elected the following officers at their last election: E. B. Brown, C. C. William J. Jones, V. C.; William Hill, Prelate; Luther W. Phillips, Master at Arms; Thomas B. Douglass, Keeper of Records and Seals; William Wright, Master of Finance; Allen L. Garwood, Master of Exchequer. To-morrow evening they will be installed, and the ceremonies will be somewhat of a public character, as every member of the order has the privilege of bringing a friend with him.

—The entertainment last Thursday evening for the benefit of the Bristol Library was a gratifying success in every way. The tableaux and the silhouette pantomime, were spoken of as the finest exhibition of character ever given in Bristol. The music also was very fine, and was listened to with much pleasure. Everybody was delighted; and of the large audience, who completely filled the room, there was not one person but regretted when the entertainment was over. The managers of the affair are to be congratulated upon their success, all of which was deserved. The result to the Library Company is the addition of about $40 to their treasury.

—The Mississippi Board of Health asked the Governor to call an extra session of the Legislature to provide against the introduction of the yellow fever epidemic again, whereupon the Vicksburg *Herald* remarks: "It is our honest conviction that the people would rather take the chances as the law are now, yellow fever and all, than have the Legislature called together again. One scourge a season is enough."

—Pennsylvania produces the finest black walnut trees in the world.

School House Dedication.

Crowded to its utmost capacity was the room of the new school house last Friday afternoon, upon the occasion of its dedication. With appropriate and pleasing ceremonies the building was opened to the public, and the visitors who, both before and after the dedicatory services, inspected the new structure, were unanimous in pronouncing it well arranged, and a credit to the School Board and the town. The exercises consisted of singing and recitations by pupils of the different schools, addresses by Prof. Woodruff and ex-Superintendent Eastburn, and a historic sketch of the public schools of Bristol, written by William Kinsey, Esq., and read by Jacob S. Young. Mr. Young likewise made a few remarks. There were quite a number of recitations, some of the principal ones being "The Polish Boy," by Harry Booz; "Punctuality," by Alice Smith; and "Children's Cries," by Carrie Wooley. William Kinsey's address was as follows:

The first Board of Directors elected under the law of 1834 was in March 1835; the gentlemen who composed that board, were Joseph Warner, James Johnson, Wm. S. Perkins, Wm. F. Swift, James Harrison, and Gilbert Tomlinson, all of whom have passed away excepting Wm. S. Perkins. The board made arrangements to carry out the objects of the law, by levying a tax of $450, and renting rooms for the accommodation of the children. They employed as teachers, Rev. Mr. Canfield, then a student for the Ministry, and Mrs. Deborah Johnson. The schools increased in numbers, and it was found necessary to accommodate all the children who desired admission, to erect a building for school purposes. This gave rise to much discussion, and some opposition to the law. The opponents contending that the cost of building a new house would be oppressive to the large property holders, as it would increase their taxes and afford them no benefit, for *their* children were educated at their own expense, and it was not just to tax them to educate other men's children. The friends of the school system after holding a public meeting on the subject, determined to make the building of a new school house an issue before the people at the next election. In March 1837, three new members of the board in favor of building a new school house, were elected, Jonathan Adams, David Woodington and Wm. Kinsey. The board held its first meeting March 27th, 1837, and resolved to meet on the 0th of April, to take into consideration the levying of a tax to build a school house. The board met at the time appointed, and resolved that the sum of $3,000 would be required to build a house sufficiently large to accommodate all the children of the Borough. The Secretary was directed to give public notice that a tax of $3,000 would be voted for by the citizens on the first Tuesday of the following May, in accordance with the provisions of the school laws. The election was held, and the returns showed that 81 votes were cast in favor of a tax of $3,000 and 21 votes against it. A committee, consisting of James Johnson, David Woodington and Wm. Kinsey, was appointed to receive proposals for building a school house 35x59, and to wait on the Burgess and Council, and solicit a part of the town lot to build the house thereon. The Council agreed to lease to the Board a part of said lot 59 feet on Wood street, and 110 feet deep, for the term of 99 years, at a rent of one dollar a year. The Board accepted the offer, and a lease was ordered to be executed. The Burgess and Council at the same time sent a communication to the Board, stating that they had passed an ordinance to borrow $5,000, and they would appropriate the sum of $3,000 toward building the school house, provided the Board would not levy any additional tax. The Board agreed to receive the $3,000 as a donation, and the Secretary was directed not to levy any additional tax. The house was completed in the fall of 1837, and schools opened the second Monday in December, under the charge of James Anderson, at a salary of $65 per month, in the male department, and Anna N. Smith at a salary of $30 a month in the female department. The term to be 10 months. 95 boys and 90 girls were admitted the first day. The Board found that upon examination of the bills for building and seating the house, that it had cost the sum of $4,036.88 leaving a balance of $1,036.88 to be provided for. A committee was appointed to wait on the Burgess and Council, and solicit another appropriation of $1,036.88 to pay said balance, which was granted, and the house was paid for without additional tax being collected. The schools prospered, and became popular. In the year 1851 in consequence of the crowded state of the schools, it was found necessary to erect another building. A committee was appointed to select a lot west of the Canal, in order that the children in that part of the borough, could be better accommodated in the location of the schools The committee reported that a lot belonging to the Baptist Association in Otter street, could be had for $400. They were directed to purchase said lot. Some opposition was made to building the school house on the lot, because it had been the burial place of the dead, the opponents declaring it was sacrilege to build the house for educational purposes over the bones of the dead, and it would not prosper. The Board was not alarmed, and in 1853 contracted with Edmund Lawrence to build the present house No. 2. 35x53, two stories high, for $3,900. The house was completed and school opened in 1854. Since that time, the schools have increased in numbers, and in the esteem and confidence of the people, until it was found necessary to make further provisions for the accommodation of the large number of applicants for admission into the schools. The school board in 1875 purchased a lot 100x120 feet on the corner of Washington and Pond streets, for the sum of $1,600 and in June 1878, contracted with F. P. Crichton to build the present beautiful and commodious house at a cost of $7000. The seating and arrangements for heating and ventilating will add another $1,000 to the cost; then the citizens of Bristol can point with pride to three large and well built houses; the last one a model of beauty and convenience. The cost of the school system in the purchasing of lots, and erecting three houses, including the furnishing, heating and general improvements, has amounted to $25,000, and when we take into consideration that this has been done in a period of 40 years, and with a population (up to within the last eight years) of less than 4000 inhabitants, it shows that the people of Bristol have done nobly for the public schools. The present number of teachers is 13, and the pupils attending school during the past year numbered 660. May the friends of the public schools never cease their labors until accommodations are provided for the education of every child in the borough, and may they advocate the passage of a law by the Legislature for compulsory education, for upon the educati on of the masses depends the safety of our government.

The addresses by Messrs. Woodruff and Eastburn were listened to with much interest, and contained very many excellent suggestions concerning education. Mr. Woodruff compared the school system now with that of the past, and gave the "living present" the premium for the great improvements that have been made in modes of instruction, and in the places where instruction is imparted. Mr. Eastburn alluded to the fact that while school houses were being built all over the land, prisons were also going up, showing that the schools have not yet eradicated the necessity for institutions for the punishment of crime. Both he and Prof. Woodruff spoke in high terms of the new building, especially the ventilation of it, the statement being made that it is the only school house in the county ventilated upon scientific principles. The hope was also expressed that there would never be need again for using the basement of the Wood street school house.

The School Board, through one of the speakers, expressed themselves highly pleased with the satisfactory manner in which the work of the contractor, F. P. Crichton, had been done, and in response, Mr. Crichton made a few remarks thanking the School Board and the Building Committee for the assistance they had given him in his undertaking. The programme ended with a song, "Sweet Galilee," by Alice Smith, Mary Smith, Belle Douglas, May R. Bailey, Meta Douglass, Alice Johnson, Kate Highland, Harry Booz and Joseph Thomas.

This concluded the exercises, and after everybody who wished had gone through the building and found everything about it unlike the old fashioned school houses, and superior to them, it was closed, to be ready for occupation by teachers and pupils on Monday morning.

Bristol Institute.

According to the arrangement made by the members of the Institute previous to the holidays, two meetings occurred two weeks in succession. The exercises last week were composed principally of tableaux and a farce, and the one this week, on Tuesday evening, was entirely of a literary and musical character. Dr. Knox, the President, not being present, Samuel Swain was called to the chair. The exercises consisted of a piano solo, by Miss Lucy Louderbough; an essay upon "Primitive Man," by John C. Stuckert; a song, by Joseph W. Swain, which was encored, and responded to with another; a biographical sketch of Charlotte Bronte, written by Miss Kate Baker, and read by Miss Edith Peirce; a piano duet, by Miss Gilkeson and Miss Baker; a reading of Mrs. Browning's, "The Mother and Poet," by Miss Helen Collins, and a vocal quartette by Miss Jessie Wells, Miss Katie Thomas, Charles E. Scheide and Joseph W. Swain, which was so well received, that in response to an encore, it was repeated. This concluded the programme, and the Institute adjourned to meet again two weeks later.

—A blind resident of Bloomington, Ill., has had his eyesight restored by the shock of pouring ice-water on his head from a pitcher held some feet above him.

—"Butler would be a snob in England," says the Boston *Transcript*, "just as Beaconsfield would become a demagogue in America, for demagogism is the democratic substitute for snobbishness."

—The people of Kansas City are considering the propriety of annexation to the State of Kansas, with which their trade relations are more intimate than with Missouri. The legislatures of the two States are to be appealed to to sanction the desired change. A small part of Kansas City is in Kansas, the State line running through the town.

—The colored wife of Senator Bruce is not to be snubbed by the fashionable women of Washington, it appears, and many fashionable men called upon her on New Year's Day. The correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says that then she wore "a magnificent black velvet dress made for her by Worth during her recent visit to Paris, and handsome diamonds." Mrs. Bruce has already received calls from the wives of some of the Judges of the Supreme Court, of many Senators, Representatives, and others holding official position."

—The venerable "Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery, for the Relief of Free Negroes Unlawfully held in Bondage, and for Improving the Condition of the Human Race," held its one hundred and fourth annual meeting in Philadelpeia a few days ago. Half the business of this society has been accomplished; half its purpose, however receives the philanthropic attention of the members. It has helped to support the colored schools in Virginia, South Carolina and North Carolina; as well as the Lincoln University and the Marylandville Home, at West Philadelphia.

—Fannie Louise Buckingham played *Mazeppa* in a Philadelphia theatre last week. A deputy sheriff went behind the scenes to levy on her wardrobe, but there was so little of it that he also attached the "fiery, untamed steed" used in the play. *Mazeppa* begged him to permit her to ride the horse once more over the steppes of Tartary, so that the audience might not be disappointed. He consented, and was conducted to a private box to wait. The curtain was raised, but no horse was there. At the same instant he heard the clatter of hoofs in the passage back of the box. He ran out, and was just in time to see the steed, with a groom on its back, dashing down the street.

—The French Republicans have made a great stride forward. The Senatorial elections took place on Sunday—a peculiarly French custom—and of 47 Conservative Senators whose terms had expired only 13 were reelected. The returns show that 64 Republicans and 15 Conservatives were returned. The Republican majority in the Senate is now 57.

—The trade in old coins is not a light one nor are its profits small. Fictitious values, have advanced 100 per cent. in five years, and the tendency is still upward. In England there is much demand for old American coins, and collectors average 100 per cent. profit on their sales. In this country these coins are becoming very scarce indeed. The cents and half-cents of 1793, which belong to the first series of copper coinage in the United States, are in great demand. A coin of 1787 was designed by Franklin, and is extremely rare. One of the silver dollars made in the old Philadelphia mint in 1794 is in the British Museum, and cost that institution $1,000. Silver quarter dollars coined in 1823-'27 are worth $100 each. Silver half dimes, issued from the Mint in 1802 are also at a premium, and all efforts to obtain any of them to complete sets, even at the figure of $100, have, it is said, proved futile. Silver dollars of 1804 are extremely scarce, only five, so far as known being in existence. Three of these are owned in England, and are valued at $1,000 each. Half dollars of 1796 and 1797 coinage are worth $50, and the same is offered for a 1799 cent or a half cent of 1796. In Philadelphia lives a numismatist who has been in the business, *The Record* says, for twenty years. Every Summer he goes to England for two months and sells the coins he has collected. His name is well known there, and he visits all the principal towns where he finds men of wealth willing to pay handsome prices to add to their store of old and rare money.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.

CAUSE AND CURE.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—In the late meeting in behalf of our poor, the feeling seemed to be general that nothing ought to be done by the Relief society, about to be organized, which could in any way encourage the tramp nuisance.

In the course of discussion the remark was made on the male side of the Hall, that the numerous tramps who so much annoy our town, should be taken up and put into jail.

A lady on the other side, with characteristic benevolence and good sense, arose and said: "While we ought not, and probably cannot, as a society, provide for tramps, yet we can and ought to give them food enough to keep them from starving, and to help them on to where they belong;" and then looking towards the opposite side, pungently remarked, "if you, the voters of the town would shut up our dram shops and saloons we should not be so much troubled by tramps and paupers."

That's it, Mr. Editor, however the remark might have been considered out of place, or inappropriate, at such a meeting, yet there can be no doubt that it was felt to be forcible and true.

It is often found to be the case that the very men in a community who are kind hearted and charitable toward their poor neighbors, and are prompt to aid in any measures which are needed for their relief, are the same men who do nothing toward promoting the temperance cause, and steadfastly withhold their influence from any effort which is made to secure for it "Local Option."

This fact has been demonstrated time and again, not only here in our own borough, but elsewhere.

Now, here we are in the midst of a severe winter under the necessity of coming together to devise ways and means to provide for a necessity which properly belongs to our Council, but which, they tell us, it is impossible for them to attend to.

We would the more willingly do it, if that honorable body had exercised the powers with which they are clothed to prevent and punish the unlawful sale of intoxicating liquors in our town, and would give us their influence in our efforts to procure for our town a prohibitory law.

It is discreditable to us, as voters, and lamentable as Christian and benevolent men, that we do not at once rise up in our might, and resolve that we will put a stop to the iniquitous traffic which causes most of the wretchedness and poverty under which we are suffering.

Have we not the right and the power to do it?

As to the right, every voter knows, or ought to know, that the United States Supreme Court has decided the much disputed question, whether a State has a constitutional right to enact a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within its bounds, in the affirmative, and as to the power.

If we should secure from our legislature a law giving us the right to determine whether or not we will have liquor sold within the limits of our township and borough, who can doubt that there would be virtue and good citizenship enough to secure a decided majority in favor of prohibition?

The legislature of 1872, it will be remembered, enacted a law giving the counties a right to vote every three years on the question of license or no license.

In March, 1873, the first election was held, which resulted in 41 counties, by an aggregate vote of 213, representing a population in said counties of 1,404,003, deciding against license, and 24 counties, which contained the chief cities, for license.

Before this law, which had cost vast labor and money, had time to demonstrate its practicability, its enemies began to labor for its repeal, and so successful were they, that on the 12th of April, 1875, the same legislature, with the sanction of the Governor, annuled it.

It is needless to say how this was effected; every citizen, who has kept his eye upon the legislature at Harrisburg, knows the way and the wherefore.

Last winter a similar bill was acted upon, after able speeches for it, and was lost by only two majority—45 members not having the courage to vote for or against it.

Now, after this result, will our citizens, who are convinced that we have a right to secure our borough from the disastrous effects of the liquor traffic in our midst, withhold their influence from the efforts which are now being made to obtain a prohibitory law? We hope not. CITIZEN.

—A controversy occurred in the New York newspapers on the subject of the admission of wood-engravings for the American picture-gallery at the Paris Exhibition. The committee of artists and amateurs refused those presented on the ground of lack of authority; but they were sent to Paris and finally hung upon screens in the American gallery, where they won the highest praise from French artists and others. The pictures hung were mostly by the engravers who are identified with *Scribner's Monthly*, and most of the engravings had appeared in that magazine. It was claimed by some of the writers at the time of the controversy alluded to that wood-engraving was the one art in which America could successfully compete at a universal exposition. This opinion is confirmed by a writer in a recent number of the London *Saturday Review*, who says: "Wood-cutting has been brought to a point of perfection it has never attained before. Some of the American engravers are far ahead of any on this side of the Atlantic, and only want artists worthy of them to make a revival of the art of Bewick possible. We have not at the present time in England a single wood-engraver of the first rank, except for landscapes; but one or two of the French cutters are able to imitate steel-engraver on blocks with a success worthy of a better art."

—There is a family residing in Chester county, whose history is somewhat remarkable. The father and mother were cousins and bore the same name; were both born on the same day and year and in the same hour. They have reared nine children, and reside in the same house where the lady was born. Their children are all living and at home with their parents.

☞ Endorsed by the Faculty. The reputation of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has been solely achieved on account of its merit. Physicians prescribe it.

—The Bessemer steel works at Johnston are to be extensively improved.

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

No. 18 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILA., Jan. 8, 1879. 4 P. M.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Without being active, the market to-day has been stronger in Penna R. R. and weaker in Coal Stocks. There were good buyers of Penna R. R. and the sales appeared to be principally for short account, while in Reading the sellers were holders of long stock and the purchasers were generally covering shorts. At the close the market was firm.

Penna. R. R. opened at 32¾ and sold to 33, closing 32¾-33.

Reading opened at 12¼ and declined to 12⅛, ending 12⅛-¼.

Hestonville was stronger selling to 10¾ on buyers' option, and closing 10¾-⅞.

Money loaned at 5 to 6 per cent.

Yours Truly. MARIS & SMITH.

Philadelphia Markets.

FLOUR.—Market continues inactive. Sales of extras at $3.50 to 4, extra family at $4.50 to 5, and fancy brands $7.50 to 8. Rye Flour $2.75 to 3. Corn-meal $2.55 to 2.60. Bran, $14 to 14.50 per ton.

GRAIN.—Sales of red wheat at $1 to 1.06½, amber $1.06 to 1.07½, and white $1.07 to $1.08 Pennsylvania rye, 56 to 57c. Yellow corn, 47 to 48c; western mixed, 46 to 47c. Mixed oats, 29c; good white 30 to 31c., and choice 32 to 34c.

SEEDS.—Clover 6¾ to 6¾c. per lb; Flax $1.37 per bushel; for Timothy there has been no demand.

PROVISIONS.—Mess Pork $8.25 to 9 per bbl; Bacon Hams 7¾ to 9c. per pound. Sides and Shoulders 5c. Steam-rendered lard, 6c; kettle-rendered and tubs, 6¾c; country and butchers', 5¾c. Dressed hogs, 3¾ to 4¼c. Extra creamery butter, 25 to 28c, Bradford county tubs, extra, 21 to 23c. Pennsylvania prints, 27 to 30c; firsts, 21 to 24c. New York factory cheese, choice, 8¾ to 9¾; half-skims, 7¾ to 8¾c dairy, 8¾ to 9¾c; skimmed, 4 to 6c. Strictly fresh eggs, 24 to 25c.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Beef cattle were active this week, and prices were a fraction higher. 3500 head arrived and sold at 5¾-6c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers, 4¾-5c. for fair to good do., and 3-4c. per pound gross for common as to quality. Sheep were unchanged; 4000 head sold at 3¾-4¾c. per pound, as to quality. Hogs were dull; 5000 head sold at 4-4¼c per pound, as to condition.

Hay and Straw.

During the past week there were 220 loads of hay and 52 of straw weighed and sold at the Farmers' Market, at the following prices; Prime Timothy per 100 pounds, 60-80c; mixed, 45-60c Straw, 65-75c.

☞ FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.—"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence, R. I.

☞ Carpet Lining at 6cts a yard at Girton's.

☞ Highest Price paid for old coin at the Ark.

☞ Among the many attractions offered for the Holidays, your particular attention is invited to the carefully selected stock of Silver and Silver Plated Ware, from such well known manufacturers as Rogers & Brothers, Reed & Barton, and others. Gold and Silver Waltham and Elgin Watches.

Bronze and Walnut Clocks. 18 K. Plain and Stone Rings.

Setts, Pendants, Chains, Charms and many other useful and ornamental articles not necessary to mention, for sale at the lowest cash prices, by A. E. Bayles, Jeweler and Practical Watchmaker, Mill street, between Wood and Pond, Bristol Pa.

☞ Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

☞ The largest and best assortment of Wall papers, New York and Philadelphia styles, in Bristol, also a choice selection of window shades. Window shades made and hung from 75 cents to $1.50. W. GRACE, Cedar Street, between Walnut and Franklin Streets, Bristol, Pa.

☞ Some people have such a reverence for the truth that they always keep at a respectable distance from it; this is not the case with Neidt & Co's., Oleine Soap, when it is once used you will like it and use no other. Ask your grocer for it.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St., Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 1 Wall St., N. Y.

Use Dr. Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.

Makes the skin beautifully white and healthy, removes dandruff, chafing, prickly heat, sores, eruptions, burning, stinging and itching of the skin and scalp. A sulphur bath with it is highly recommended. Always ask for it by its full name. 254

New Advertisements.

HOLIDAY Goods, combining the useful with the beautiful. Everything in the Farmers' line from a threshing Machine to a Flower Trellis, any of which will be suitable for a Holiday Present, can be found at

J. W. CORNELL & CO'S.,
Seed and Implement Warehouse,
25 North Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.
☞ Corn Poppers, Nut Crackers, &c.

Announcement.

WILLIAM LOUDERBOUGH is a candidate for Constable of the Third Ward, and for High Constable of Bristol Borough, subject to Republican Rules.

Home and Day School FOR GIRLS, BRISTOL, PA.

THE SECOND TERM OF MISS MERRIAM'S SCHOOL will begin on WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29th. For circulars address A. MERRIAM, PRINCIPAL.

Notice.

BRISTOL, PA., JAN. 6, 1879.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the shareholders of the BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, for the election of officers and directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Company, in the Livingston Mills, Bristol, Penna., on Tuesday, January 21st, 1879, at 3 o'clock P. M.

CHAS. E. SCHEIDE, Sec'y.

JOSEPH S. PEIRCE,

WASHINGTON ST., BRISTOL, PA.,
DEALER
IN
COAL, WOOD, LIME, SAND, BRICK, CURB & BUILDING STONE,
TERRA COTTA PIPES.

Notice to the Public.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between J. H. Bostwick and Annie Brodnax, of Bristol borough, Pa., under the firm of J. H. Bostwick & Co., was dissolved by mutual consent, on the 7th day of January 1879. All debts due said firm will be paid to J. H. Bostwick, who will continue the business at the old stand, cor. Mill and Pond street.

Those indebted to said firm will please pay up as quickly as possible, in order to close the books.

J. H. BOSTWICK,
ANNIE BRODNAX.

Bristol, Jan. 7, 1879.

French Language.

IDIOMATIC ORAL SYSTEM.

No Grammar.

PROF. ALFRED SARDOU, of Philadelphia, begs leave to inform the Ladies of Bristol, that he will commence a conversational French class, on Monday, January 13, at 10¾ A. M., at Washington Hall. This course will offer an opportunity to acquire a **thorough practical understanding of French**, at the smallest possible expense. Prof. Sardou's own method dispenses with books altogether, the language being taught by conversation. That the system be fully appreciated, the first lesson will be FREE TO ALL.

Miscellaneous.

THE most thorough ORGANIZATION IN AMERICA for executing written orders IS THE MAIL DEPARTMENT for Samples & supplies AT THE GRAND DEPOT OF THE GREAT DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT. SEND PENNY POSTAL CARD Specifying WHAT IS DESIRED. To JOHN WANAMAKER GRAND DEPOT. 13TH ST. CHESTNUT TO MARKET. PHILADELPHIA. and by return mail SAMPLES AND PRICES WILL BE SENT OF ANYTHING WANTED. JOHN WANAMAKER.

CLOAKS.

Our success in filling the wants of those wanting an outside covering is not one of luck, but of ready, constant inquiry and long experience in the making as well as selling these garments. No part of our house requires such untiring watchfulness, no kind of merchandise is so worthless when out of style, as a cloak—no department is more active in the season of selling.

The materials used this season are Diagonals, in various widths, Matelasses, Fur Back Beavers, Silk Matelasses and Plain Silks; also, a rough-faced material called Camel's Hair, which is new, but not very pleasing to the eye.

The articles used for Trimings are Velvet, Gros Grain, Grass Fringe, Fancy Gimps and Braids.

As to shapes, the new things are the Mantle order, but with a sleeve much more comfortable and yielding than garments of this character have had heretofore; the general effect, too, is more graceful and pleasing. The Sacque, though, retains its old popularity, and is bound to be the leader with the majority. In shape it differs very little from last season.

Having sizes ranging from 28 in. breast to 46 in. we can fit almost any one from our ready-made stock; the extra large sizes being constantly on hand, as well as those suitable for misses. Prices $5.00 and upward.

Children's Cloaks, from the smallest sizes up, have our best attention. They are made of Blue and Brown Beaver, Matelasse and Fancy Cloths, and cost from $4.00 upward.

SHAWLS.

The great variety of styles, materials, colors and weights wanted in a Shawl for different seasons and occasions, requires a most extensive stock to be able to suit even a majority of consumers. We are in condition now to suit more than a majority, having the greatest collection of staples, as well as novelties, in this line ever shown in Philadelphia—including even the rich fabrics of India, where years are often occupied in producing one shawl.

No department has received more personal attention than the Shawls, the buyer having visited Europe during the summer, and not only bought very largely of ready-made, but ordered made many styles which could not be procured otherwise. Those having a taste for the novel as well as beautiful in Shawls, should look through our collection.

Square Blanket Shawls	$2 50 to $3 50
Long Blanket Shawls	4 50 to 8 00
French Square Shawls	
French Long Shawls	8 00 to 15 00
Breche quare Shawls	5 00 to 23 00
Breche Long Shawls	10 00 to 150 00

Imitation India Shawls. Imitation Stripe Indias.
English Beaver Shawls. American Beaver Shawls.

Himalayan Shawls.

Real India Shawls	$10 00 to $750 00
Antique India Shawls	100 00 to 350 00

Open Centre Indias. White Chudda Shawls.
Black Chudda Shawls. Scarlet Chudda Shawls.
Blue Chudda Shawls.

Black Cashmere Shawls	$2 00 to $7 50
Black Merino Shawls	1 00 to 25 00

Children's and Misses' Shawls. Novelties in English Shawls.
Novelties in French Shawls. Novelties in American Shawls.
Novelties in India Shawls. Shetland Shawls, all colors.
Friends' Bound Shawls. Friends' Silk Shawls.
Friends' Merino Shawls. Friends' Beaver Shawls.
Friends' Blanket Shawls.

COOPER & CONARD

MANUFACTURERS OF CLOAKS,

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS OF

Shawls, Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Gloves, Woollens, Cottons, Linens, Ladies', Gents' and Children's Underwear, &c., &c.

South-East Corner Market & Ninth Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

Blatchley's Pumps

Are made to suit cisterns or wells of any depth from 15 to 75 feet, either plain or lined with galvanized iron, or seamless drawn tube copper. We keep in stock a complete assortment in size, length and price, from the cheapest to the **Most Perfect and Improved Pump that can be made.** Our manufacturing facilities enable us to furnish the best pumps **at prices but little above second and third-rate goods.** When buying pumps see that they have **my trade mark and name.** If not for sale in your town, your orders can always be filled without delay at 440 Market Street, one door from Fifth Street, south side, Philadelphia.

246 C. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

THE WONDERFUL CHIMPANZEES, ELEPHANTS, LIONS, Tigers, Giraffes, Sea Lions, Grizzly and Polar Bears, Monkeys, &c., &c. Largest collection of Living Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles on the Continent.

OPEN EVERY DAY.

Excursionists need not carry lunch. A commodious and *cheap* restaurant is on the ground.

Admission—Adults, 25c. Children, 10c. 211

LOOK HERE!

Dyeing and Scouring.

THE undersigned being well known in Bristol for the last 15 years, respectfully announces that he is prepared to attend to Scouring and Dyeing Coats, Pants, Dresses, Shawls, and all kinds of wearing apparel and piece goods in the best possible manner, and at prices lower than in the city. Dresses dyed without being taken apart. JOHN D. DETLEFSON,
237 Wood Street near Walnut, Bristol, Pa.

Farmers' Look!!!

To a young man who is a thoroughly practical farmer, not afraid of work, and with good habits, and unquestioned integrity, a very desirable opportunity will be offered to rent or purchase a fine farm in Iowa, having a hundred acres now under cultivation, and located within two and a half miles of one of the best towns in the State.

To a satisfactory man the farm will be rented upon a favorable lease, or if desired it will be sold upon terms of payment to suit the buyer, only sufficient money being needed to purchase the requisite stock. Address by letter "IOWA" *Gazette* office, Bristol.

For Sale or Rent.

THAT old, reliable and well-known business stand of Henry M. Wright's, Bath Street, Bristol.

None better in the County. Splendid new coal shed on canal, plenty of wharfage room. A yarn mill, a good opening for a grist and planing mill.

I have been established here, in the coal, lumber, flour and feed business successfully, for a number of years, and now wish to retire on account of my age.

HENRY M. WRIGHT.
25 Bath Street, Bristol, Pa.

Seven Per Cent. Investment at Par.

FOR SALE. STOCK IN THE BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY. Pays quarterly dividends at the rate of Seven per cent. per annum, with almost absolute security. The investment is entirely in real estate of the most substantial character, and at the present low cost of building, the value of which every stockholder is capable to judge.

It is not possible to find any other investment yielding so large a return at so little risk.

JOSHUA PEIRCE.

D. I. C.
Is an absolute and irresistable cure for
DRUNK-
enness, Intemperance and the use of Opium, Tobacco, Narcotics and Stimulants, removing all taste, desire and habit of using any of them, rendering the taste or desire for any of them perfectly odious and disgusting. Giving everyone perfect and irresistable control of the sobriety of themselves and their friends.

It prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows the sudden breaking off from using stimulants or narcotics.

Package, prepaid, to cure 1 to 5 persons, $2, or at your Druggists, $1.75. Temperance and charitable societies should use it.

It is a sure and never failing.

HOP BITTERS MFG., Sole Agents, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOP COUGH CURE

Destroys all pain, loosens the cough, quiets the nerves and produces rest. **It never fails in performing a perfect cure where there is a shadow of hope.** Try it once and you will find it so.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGIST.

DR. C. W. GLEASON'S RESTORATIVE REMEDIES.

DR. GLEASON'S LUNG RESTORATIVE is a POSITIVE CURE for Coughs, Colds and early stages of Consumption. Take it in time. Sample bottles, 25 cents.

DR. GLEASON'S LIVER RESTORATIVE is a SURE CURE for Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc. Test it. Sample bottles, 25 cents.

DR. GLEASON'S STOMACH RESTORATIVE CURES DYSPEPSIA.

DR. GLEASON'S GOLDEN ELIXIR or HEALTH RESTORATIVE, a permanent Blood Tonic for the Cure of all cases of DEBILITY and BROKEN DOWN CONSTITUTION; a SURE CURE and PREVENTIVE of AGUE.

DR. GLEASON'S SALINE APERIENT Acts on the Liver, Skin, Kidneys and Blood prevents the injurious effects of FOUL AIR, MALARIA, etc., causing Yellow Fever, Typhoid Fever, etc. Invaluable Household Remedy.

DR. GLEASON'S LAXATIVE WAFERS, highly Aromatic, cures HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, Piles, etc. Sample box, 25 Cents.

For sale by JOSEPH PARKER, druggist, No. 63 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

Principal Depot, Philadelphia.

W. H. RHODES, PHOTOGRAPHER,

No. 1806 Frankford Ave.,
Corner Montgomery Avenue,
And 1316 Girard Ave., below Broad St.,
PHILADELPHIA.

I HAVE lately introduced a number of new and artistic styles of Pictures, to which I call your attention.

LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS
in Oil, Crayon, India Ink and Water Colors.
Established and in successful operation since 1860.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

From the Oil City Derrick.

IMAGINATION.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE NEW "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

The lunatic, the lover, the politician
And the poet, are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than could stand
On a ten acre lot; that's a madman.

The lover, all as frantic, and in eve ry way
As eligible for a place in the
Lunatic asylum, sees Phœbe's beauty
In a brow of Egypt, hears her voice
In the wind that blows from the
Oil refineries on Hunter's Point,
That gives other men the yellow fever,
And swears he could drink his champagne
From her shoe.

The politician casts the horoscope
Over the field, and sees where his party
Will have enormous gains, but does not
Discover until after the election that the [illegible]
Looking into the wrong end of the machine.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
To heaven, then to the rhyming dictionary;
And as imagination [illegible]
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name,
Then hoists them [illegible] to the editor,
Says he [illegible] in a hurry,
But that it [illegible] to fill up,
And gets kicked down stairs for his pains.

A Moving Palace.—This is truly an age of wonders, and among them are, talking by lightning, walking on air, riding on the wings of the wind, and transferring, as it were, a whole orchestra over hundreds of miles of wire. These are no greater than the rapidity of travel on the railways, however, as the hurrying trains every day show. There are always new conveniences and improvements in the manner of travel which add greatly to the comfort of those who are journeying. One of the latest, though it has been in use some time, is the Pullman Hotel Cars, where one is always "at home," and can eat, walk, or sleep, as he chooses. Go down to the Chicago & North-Western depot any evening, or any morning, and you will see the moving palace. The Pullman Hotel Cars were put on the Chicago & North-Western Railway about the first of July, last year, and they have proven to be an unquestioned and decided success. The cars are beauties, and a person can get aboard at Chicago in the morning and ride through to Council Bluffs without leaving the car, and still have all the conveniences of any of the most elegant hotels. They are on the European plan. "You pay only for what you get." If you have never seen them, it will pay you to go down to the depot some evening and go through the train.—*Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Daily Republican.*

In these Hotel Cars the meals are *a la carte*—you pay for what you get, and nothing more; and this at very reasonable rates.

The managers of the Company have determined to omit nothing which will add to the convenience, safety, and comfort of the travelling public who favor them with their patronage; and further, that they will not be eclipsed in this direction by any other railroad in the world. Hence these cars, constructed by the Pullman Palace Car Company especially for the Pioneer Line, are the finest ever built.

"It is not exaggeration to say that no road in the world can produce the equal to these magnificent cars, and as the average traveler wants the best of everything that can be had, he must of necessity use this line in his trans-continental trip.

The charges for berths in these Hotel Cars are the same (and no higher) as are made in the more common Sleeping Car, so that the traveler using one of these palatial hotels is given much more worth for his money than he can get on any other line.

Remember! Pullman Hotel Cars are now running regularly between Chicago and Council Bluffs, on the Denver and California Express Trains of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. West-bound, they leave Chicago daily, except Sunday, (and on every third Sunday), from the Wells Street Depot, at 10.30 A. M., and arrive at Council Bluffs next morning. East-bound, they leave Council Bluffs at 5.30 P. M., daily, except Saturday, (and on every third Saturday,) and reach Chicago the next afternoon.

Bear in mind! No other road runs Pullman Hotel Cars, or any other form of Hotel, Dining, or Restaurant Cars *through* between Chicago and the Missouri River. On no other road can you get all the meals you require between Chicago and Omaha without leaving the car you start in. This is the only line that has *through* eating cars of any sort.

A Maine Editor's View of Death.—The editor of the Gardiner (Me.) *Journal* has recently had a narrow escape from death, his horse running away as he hung in the wheel. He thus describes his sensations:—"Oh, can't some of my spirit friends do something to help me out of this scrape?' beseechingly I said or thought. It was a prayer not laid down in the books, and perhaps the form was not staid nor formal. Short as it was it did me good. I saw then crowds of spirits around me—part of whom I knew. 'I do not see what they can do,' I thought, and as they seemed to hover around the front part of the wagon, and over the horse, I wondered how they kept up with him. Then I thought perhaps they'll take the old horse's strength away—but I could not see very clearly how they were to do this—but Old Robin was a hard customer to 'dematerialize.' I probably should have lived but a few seconds longer. The reins had worn off upon the wheel just when my strength had all gone. Had I died, people would pityingly have said it was a horrible death—but really I suffered very little. All the pain I have had up to now has not been equal to what I suffered last summer in a day from the bite of an insect. The shock was such that my nerves of sensation were benumbed. I had no fear; in fact there was a physical sort of feeling that it was a bundle about three feet long, with a sort of handle to it, (which was my left leg, probably,) that was bouncing along over the ground, which I was trying to untangle. Then there was another self who had to take care of the wheel, untangle the rein, talk to Old Robin, yell to the dog, and attend to matters generally; while the third self seemed to do the thinking, and I kind of liked that one the best. I had often heard that in such crises as these one's whole life passes in review before him, and I thought of that fact, but I had no such experience. I had only one regret for deeds done or left undone, and that was that I had neglected my usual custom of taking accident tickets, and this regret I felt ashamed of. My only thought was of my wife. The knowledge that I have faced death unflinchingly is not without satisfaction to me, and there is something that I feel, which I cannot describe, that assures me that there was more powerful influences than my own aiding, comforting and sustaining me. My religious friends will say it was the Good Father, and it matters not what we call it—the feeling is the same. I do not feel of sufficient consequence to merit God's special providence, but that loving friends from the other sphere may have comforted and sustained me is not repugnant to my common sense, and does not lessen my idea of the goodness and greatness of the Creator."

A statement made on the authority of Mr. Neal Dow has been published, charging Mr. Spurgeon, of London, with drinking beer, brandy and wine. The Rev. Mr. Farrar, of Troy, writes to the *Times* of that city concerning the statement, saying: "While in London, I attended Mr. Spurgeon's church, Sabbath, June 10, and heard him preach a most excellent sermon. After the sermon, together with several American preachers, we sought and readily obtained an introduction to him in his private study. He gave us a hearty greeting and talked most familiarly of our people and country. We spoke of the gospel temperance work going on at home, and he was very much interested and among other things he said, 'I thank God I am a total abstainer.' Now, I deem this due to one of the greatest living preachers of the gospel."

☞ What a screamer! is a tribute often paid to a crying baby, but Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup by alleviating the pains of the little one soon stops the crying.

How a Man Goes to Bed.—Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange says: "There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room, and have his bed warm before a woman has got her hair-pins out and her shoes untied.' That's how it looks in print, and this is how it is really: 'I'm going to bed, my dear. It's half past ten.' No reply. 'Now, John, you know you're always late in the morning. Do go to bed!' 'Yes, in a minute,' he replies, as he turns the paper inside out and begins a lengthy article headed the 'Louisiana Muddle.' Fifteen minutes later she calls from the bedroom: 'John, come to bed and don't keep the gas burning there all night!' and murmuring something about 'the bill being big enough now,' she creeps beneath the cold sheets, while John reads placidly on, his feet across the piano stool and a cigar in his mouth. By-and-by he rises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor, and, seizing the shaker, proceeds to that vigorous exercise, shaking the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires: 'For pity's sake! ain't you ready for bed yet?' 'Yes, yes. I'm coming. Why don't you go to sleep and let a fellow alone?' Then he discovers that there is coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove, he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress; and as he stands scratching himself, and absently gazing on the last garment dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. When this is attended to he wants a drink of water, and away he promenades to the kitchen. Of course, when he returns his skin resembles that of a picked chicken, and once more he seats himself before the fire for a last 'warm up.' As the clock strikes twelve he turns out the gas, and with a flop of the bedclothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides. No, not yet; he forgets to see if the front door was locked, and another flop of the bedclothes brings forth the remark; 'Good gracious! if that man ain't enough to try the patience of Job!' Setting her teeth hard, she awaits the final flop, with the accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires: 'Are you settled for the night?' To which he replied by muttering: 'If you ain't the provokingest woman.'"

Woman's Right's in Oregon.—The legislature of Oregon, at its last session, passed a law in relation to the property rights of married women, which puts that state in advance of all others on this subject. The following are the leading provisions of the law:—1. That the property owned by a woman at the time of marriage, or acquired thereafter by gift, devise or inheritance, shall not be liable for the debts or contracts of the husband; and that the wife may manage, sell, devise and convey the same as fully as the husband can his property. 2. That the property of either husband or wife shall not be liable for debts or contracts of the other. 3. That an action may be maintained by either the husband or wife against the other for the recovery of property of which the other has obtained possession, the same as if they were unmarried. 4. That for civil injuries committed by the wife damages can be recovered of her alone, except in cases where the husband is jointly responsible. 5. That the conveyance of liens from one to the other shall be valid. 6. That the one may constitute the other his or her attorney for mutual benefit, or attorney in fact. 7. That the wife may recover the wages of her personal labor in her own name. 8. That the expenses of the family and the education of children shall be chargeable on the property of both husband and wife, or on that of either of them.

Bishop Burnet, once preaching before Charles the Second, was much warmed by his subject, and uttering a religious truth in a very earnest manner, with great vehemence struck his clenched hand upon the desk and cried out, "Who dares deny this?" "Faith," observed the King, in a key not quite so loud as the preacher, "nobody, I should think, that is within the reach of that great fist of yours."

Poverty and Suffering.—"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us has seen a sick day since, and I want you to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it. A Workingman."

Bristol.

$100 REWARD!

A LARGE NUMBER of Bristol people have been induced by our low prices and sharp competition to abandon their weekly purchasing trips to the city.—We are now determined to COMPEL those who still persist in their old habit to follow the wise example of their neighbors. We will forfeit $100 if any Store in Philadelphia can show a cheaper price list than we offer this week. Just look!

Pure Leaf Lard, 8 cts. lb.; choice Rio Coffee, 20 cts. lb.; splendid Butter, 15, 20, 25 cts. lb; choice Currants, 3 cts. lb.; best Raisins, 8 cts. lb.; warranted Hams, 11½ cts. lb.; Soaps, 2, 3, 4, 5 cts, &c. Oleine, full lb., 7 cts.; Cocoa shells, 5 cts. lb.; new Prunes, 8 cts. lb.; new Mackerel, 10 cts. doz.; good Tea, 25 cts. lb.; Laundry Starch 5 cts. lb.; Oilcloth, 30 cts. yd.; A No. 1 Pepper, 15 cts. lb.; Trunks, all kinds, $1.15 up; 4-quart Teapot, 20 cts.; large line Tinware, Crockery, Glassware, Wall Paper, at very low prices.—The largest and cheapest line of Gents' Furnishing Goods. Good white Undershirts and Drawers, 25 cts. each; best, 40 and 50 cts.; all wool Drawers, 75 cts.; fine Merino Shirt, 50 cts.; "Pearl" Dress Shirt, 3-ply linen bosom, best muslin, reduced to 90 cts. Boys' White Shirts, 18 cts.; Men's strong Working Shirts, 30, 40 cts; Overalls, 30 to 60 cts. Men's heavy tap-soled Boots, $2.00; Fine-stitched Calfskin Gaiters, $2.50. Latest styles Gents' Neckties, Cuffs, Collars, &c., cheap. Men's good Hats, 50 cts.; fine Felt, $1.25; Boys' Sunday Hats, 75 cts.; Gents stiff Hats, $1.00. Navy Blue Shirts, $1.00; good knit Jackets, 90 cts.; all wool, $1 30. Children's Undershirts, 13 cts. Flowers, 10 cts. spray.—Stockings, 5 cts. Tablecloth, 16 cts. yd.; Pins, 2 cts. paper. Gingham, 7 cts.; Canton Flannel, 6 cts.; Muslin, 5 cts.

Don't fail to ask for what you want, if you don't see it, as we keep everything, from a needle to a second-hand pulpit.

Specialty in Zephyrs and Wools. Zephyrs, 10 cts. oz., Wool, 8 cts. per oz.

☞ Peddlers and Store-Keepers supplied.

Don't ask for credit.

WOOD'S CHEAP STORES,

58 and 6 Mill Street, Bristol.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FOREST AND STREAM ROD AND GUN

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

Devoted to Field and Aquatic Sports, Practical Natural History, Fish Culture, the Protection of Game, Preservation of Forests, And the Inculcation in Men and Women of a Healthy Interest in Out-Door Recreation and Study:

PUBLISHED BY

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY.

—AT—

NO. 111 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.
[Post Office Box 2832.]

TERMS, FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Twenty-five per cent. off for Clubs of Two or more.

Advertising Rates.

Inside pages, nonpareil type, 25 cents per line; outside page, 40 cents. Special rates for three, six and twelve months. Notices in editorial columns, 50 cents per line—eight words to the line, and twelve lines to one inch.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted.

No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

Bristol.

TRY AND BUY. TRY YOU BUY. TRY WILL BUY.

THE NEW WEED Sewing Machine!



THE

Most Complete Machine in the Market.

WHILE the New Weed retains all the qualities of the old model, it has gained the following new ones.

Lightness of Running and Noiselessness of Movement.

THE CAM has been replaced by a crank, giving an accurate movement to the needle bar, without noise.

FOR THE VIBRATING ARM is substituted a reciprocating shaft.

THE TAKE UP is entirely left out, the needle bar serving for that purpose.

The Stitch Regulating Nut is on the bed of the Machine. The upper thread slips into all its guides leaving only two places to thread.

The Shuttle is the most complete one ever made for easy threading, only one place to thread. These are a few of the improved qualities of the New Weed. In buying a Weed you know you are getting a new machine as they cannot use the old ones to make new ones of. There are a great many machines being sold for new, that are only old ones rebuilt.

We know there are a great many people yet wanting Sewing Machines, and there are a great many old machines that ought to be exchanged for new ones, and to those wanting machines we would say cast aside your prejudice in favor of this or that machine, and come and see the light running, easy threading, no trouble, substantial, handsome Weed. Sold cheap on easy terms. Old machines taken in exchange for new ones. Old machines for sale cheap.

WILLIAM H. BOOZ, Agent,
Radcliffe Street, Bristol.
Next to Presbyterian Church. 240

Which Plan is the Best?

THE COMMERCIAL

Insurance Company

Insures Dwelling Houses, Stores, &c., &c.

(No hazardous risks taken.)

ON EITHER MUTUAL OR STOCK PLANS.

In the Mutual Plan the fees are fixed at a rate that will meet all expense and the average loss by fire. The policies being liable to assessment in case of extra losses.

The Stock Plan is upon the usual rates of Stock Companies, with no liability for assessment. Full particulars given. Apply at office

No. 44 Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.

JAMES M. SLACK, President.
E. G. HARRISON, Secretary. 740

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,

PERSONS IN WANT OF

TINWARE

of the best quality and manufacture, will find it a

C. C. DOUGLASS'

Stove and Tinware Store.

ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 6

MITCHELL & KIRKMAN,

MARBLE and BrownStone. CUTTERS,



Foot of Mill Street, Bristol, Pa

MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES & STONE CUTTING, in all its branches.

CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c., &c. 773

BURKE'S EXPRESS

No. 38 South Delwaare Ave.,

PHILADELPHIA.

120

BOUTCHER & SIMONS,
DEALERS IN
LUMBER, COAL;
WOOD, LIME, FERTILIZERS,
West Philadelphia Drove Yard Manur And Horse Stable Manure,
Cornwell's Depot, Bucks County, Pa

BUILDING LUMBER of all kinds on hand, or furnished to order. COAL of the best qualities, and lowest rate. 552

USE

PURSELL'S

Fever and Ague

MIXTURE.

HALF THE PRICE OF QUININE, AND

FULLY AS EFFECTIVE.

MORE SOLD THAN ANY OTHER REMEDY OF THE KIND IN

BRISTOL.

NEVER FAILS TO CURE.

Put up in $1.00 Bottles

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,
BREAD, PIE & FANCY CAKE
BAKER,
Foot of Bath Street, near Canal Bridge
BRISTOL, PA.

BALLS, Parties, Fairs and Festivals, furnished with ICE CREAM and FANCY CAKES at short notice and on reasonable terms. WEDDING CAKES baked and iced to order. 981

Miscellaneous.

BURLINGTON
Carriage Factory!
BROAD STREET, BELOW THE DEPOT,
BURLINGTON, N. J.

I AM now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of Carriages, Light and Heavy, of the most approved styles and finish, made of the best material and by first-class workmen. I have a number of first-class Carriages on hand at present, comprising

Phætons—Extension Tops and Lady's Pony Phætons, Double Seat Standing Tops, Jenny Lind Falling Top Buggies, No-Top Buggies and Track Sulkies,

which I will sell for the lowest cash price. Those who want first-class Carriages will do well to call and examine my stock, as I will not be undersold by any one who does first class work. Repairing promptly attended to and neatly done.
153 JOHN CRAFT.

SAMUEL C. BRUDON,
Radcliffe and Market Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,



Dealer in Fish and Oysters.

EVERY VARIETY OF FISH from fresh and salt water. Lobsters, Oysters, Clams, Soft Shell Crabs, &c., in season. My stock is selected with great care, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious, both as to quality and price. 75

J. K. WILDMAN,
No. 26 South Third Street,
Philadelphia.

BONDS AND STOCKS

of all kinds bought and sold.

United States Bonds
EXCHANGED FOR OTHER SECURITIES
WM. C. PEIRCE,
Stock Broker,
No. 136 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Second Floor, PHILADELPHIA.

Orders received for the purchase and sale of all kinds of Investment securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange, including Government Bonds, State and City Loans, Railroad Bonds and Stocks, &c., &c. 651

MARIS & SMITH,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 18 South Third Street,
Philadelphia.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
GOLD, STOCKS, BONDS, &c.,
Bought and sold on Commission.

Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Individuals received on favorable terms.

THE PENNSYLVANIA
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Incorporated 1825—Charter Perpetual.
No. 510 Walnut Street,
Opposite Independence Square, Philadelphia.

CAPITAL	$400,000 00
ASSETS	1,704,481 36

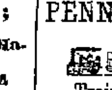
Directors:

John Devereux,	Thomas Smith,
Daniel Smith, Jr.,	Henry Lewis,
Isaac Hazlehurst,	J. Gillingham Fell,
Thomas Robins,	Dan'l Haddock, Jr.,

Franklin A. Comly.
JOHN DEVEREUX, President.
WM G. CROWELL, Secretary.
144 JOHN L. THOMSON, Asst. Sec.

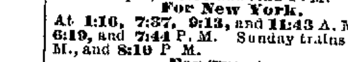
THE INDEPENDENT
Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

EFFECTS INSURANCE on Real and Personal Property, on the strictly mutual principle, in Bristol and parts adjacent.
GEORGE W. KHAWN, President.
LESTER COMLY (Byberry P. O.), Sec'y and Treas.
EMMOR COMLY, Agent, Bristol.
1085



Beautiful Artificial Teeth, from $5 to $8 per Set, guaranteed to fit and suit perfect. Impression in the morning, teeth in the afternoon. Painless extraction with gas, 50 cents per tooth. Teeth extracted *free* when others are inserted. Old sets repaired equal to new. Filling with Gold or Amalgam. COLLEGE, 514 PINE Street, Philadelphia, Pa. (Please clip this out.) 160

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
NEW YORK DIVISION.



Trains to and from Bristol Station

For Philadelphia.

Kensington Depot, 7:08, 7:35, 8:24, 9:24 A. M. 12:26, 3:40, 5:56, and 7:21, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:33 A. M., and 1:10, 3:09, 7:04, and 9:56 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:26, and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 7:04 and 9:56 P. M.

For New York.

At 1:16, 7:37, 9:13, and 11:43 A. M., 2:30, 6:19, and 7:44 P. M. Sunday trains 9:13 A. M., and 8:10 P. M.

For Trenton.

At 8:23, 9:13, 11:09, and 11:43 A. M., 2:39, 2:58, 4:48, 5:24, 6:12, 6:19, 7:05, 7:44, and 9:06 P. M. On Sundays, 9:13 9:53, A. M. and 2:53, 8:10, P. M.

☞ The 8.23, 11.09, 11.43, A. M., 2.53, 4.48, and 6.12 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.

From Trenton.

At 6:20, 7:10, 8:00, 9:00, and 10:14 A. M., 12:00 M., 12:52, 2:50, 3:20, 5:30, 6:45 6:55, and 9:35 P. M. On Sundays, 12:00 noon, 5:00, 6:45, and 9:35 P. M.

From Philadelphia.

Leaves Kensington Depot, at 7:40, and 10:15 A. M. 2:10, 4:10, 4:40, 5:30, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 2:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night.

From New York.

At 7:25, 8:15, and 10:55 A. M., 12:55, 4:55, and 7:25 P. M.

From Philadelphia, Westward.

Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.,55 6.15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.

For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and 11.55, P. M.

For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.

A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A.M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.

For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.

F. THOMSON, Gen. Manager,
L. P. FARMER, Gen. Pass. Agent
F. W. JACKSON,
60 Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.

Picture Glass.

JUST RECEIVED, A LOT OF

FRENCH GLASS

For Covering Pictures.

Pure and free from blisters, and but little higher in price than common American.

Sizes from 6x8 to 25x40 inches.

83 J. H. BOSTWICK.

Miscellaneous.

HARDWARE AND IRON STORE,
AT NO. 47 MILL STREET,
BRISTOL, PA.

CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK OF

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

IRON AND STEEL,

NAILS AND CUTLERY,

PURE PAINTS, READY MIXED FOR IMMEDIATE USE;

THE CELEBRATED BLANCHARD CHURN,

FARM AND GARDEN IMPLEMENTS,

WIRE SCREEN, BEREA GRINDSTONES, GUM HOSE,

A Full Line of Locks and Bolts,

SILVER-PLATED WARE,

CORDAGE, CHAINS,

The Windsor Coffee Pot, the best in the world;

MRS. POTTS COLD-HANDLED SAD IRONS.

Hollow Ware in variety; Baskets and Brushes, Knives, Scissors and Razors; Axes, of the best brands; Steel Traps, Rat Traps, and Mouse Traps, Whips, Currycombs and Horse Brushes, Saddler's Hardware, Horse Shoes and Horse Shoe Nails, Rasps and Files, Carriage and Tire Bolts, Saws and Chisels, Hatchets and Hammers, &c., &c., &c. LOWEST PRICES.

J. S. THOMAS,
214 47 Mill Street.

GEO. S. STONE & SON,
BRISTOL, PA.
(Formerly of Philadelphia.)



PLUMBERS,
Steam & Gas Pipe Fitters.
Also, Dealer in Gas Fixtures, Steam Heating Apparatus, Hydraulic Rams, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.
REPAIR WORK SOLICITED.



We call the especial attention of farmers and builders to our stock of

GENUINE CUCUMBER PUMPS,

Warranted to be of Cucumber Wood, and the cheapest and best Pump in the market. These Pumps are made by skillful workmen and will stand the test that is claimed for them, and are much superior to the poplar pump, which is an imitation of them. Don't buy elsewhere until you examine them and get our prices.

Shop on Canal St. between Washington and Lafayette Sts.

Orders left at the East Corner of Wood and Lafayette Streets, or at the office of Livingston Mills, will receive prompt attention.
Reference: C. W. & J. Pearce and Grundy Bros. and Campion. 193

JOSEPH SHERMAN,
MANUFACTURER OF
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
SHUTTERS AND FRAMES,
Siding and Flooring.
MOULDINGS AND BRACKETS,
IN EVERY VARIETY.
Mill—Dorrance St., west of Railroad,
65 BRISTOL, PA.

Go to
E. C. JOHNSON'S
FOR CHEAP BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, AND RUBBERS.

CUSTOM work a speciality; repairing promptly attended to. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Don't forget the place. At

E. C. JOHNSON'S,
51. No. 36 Mill Street, Bristol.

E. R. O.

EUREKA RED OIL, (*is forty degrees higher fire test than the law requires*), can be burned in any LAMP where the chimney burner is used; is *warranted not to explode*, under forfeiture of $100.

☞ EXCLUSIVE COUNTY RIGHTS for sale by P. J. FITZGERALD, Sole Prop. & Manuf'r, 103 & 105 N. Fourth st., Philad'a.

Also, WHOLESALE DEALER IN HEAD LIGHT, COAL OIL, and BURNING FLUID.

N. B. A large assortment of *latest styles* of CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, BRONZE LAMPS, BURNERS, &c., &c., constantly on hand. 300

JOSEPH W. THOMPSON,
HATS, CAPS
AND
STRAW GOODS,
No. 1209 North Second Street,
East Side, Four doors above Girard Ave.
PHILADELPHIA.
A full assortment of Umbrellas.

At J. Milnor's Store,
Corner of Wood and Washington Sts.
BRISTOL, PA.,

Can always be found a full line of

Fine Groceries and Provisions,
consisting in part of
DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE.
And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line.

LOUIS C. FISHER,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,
522 North Second St., Philadelphia.

8 Card Photographs for	50 Cts.
3 Fine Card Photographs for	50 "
6 " " "	$1 00
6 Finely Finished Photographs for	1.50

Life size Pictures Colored in Water Colors, or Indian Ink.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. 10.

STOVES!
FOR PARLOR, STORE, HALL, OR COOKING.
RANGES!
EITHER PORTABLE OR SET IN BRICK.
Parlor Heaters.
FURNACES,
EITHER PORTABLE OR TO SET IN BRICK, TO HEAT TWO OR MORE ROOMS.

ROOFING at less than city prices, for cash. Jobbing punctually attended to. Give me a call.

THOMAS BARNARD.
BRISTOL STOVE HOUSE,
276. No. 18 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

FRANK P. ADAMS'
Insurance Agency,
REMOVED TO
No. 81 Radcliffe St.

☞ Office Hours, after 3 P. M.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR BOTH SEXES,
At Newtown, Pa.,
R. L. GURNEE, Principal.

Expenses for Week-day Boarders $3.50 per week; for Day Pupils, from $2.50 to $8, per term of 10 weeks. Expenses in Music, per term of 20 lessons, $8; in Drawing, $5; in Painting, $7. 535

MEAT! MEAT!
MILTON WEBSTER,
AT THE
Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,

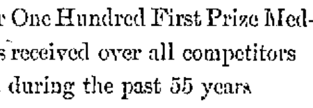
KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, &c. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds. Special inducements given cash customers. 28

New Meat Shop,
Mill Street above Wood,
BRISTOL, PA.

D. G. MICHENER & SON,

KEEP constantly on hand all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, Vegetables, &c., at lowest rates for cash. We respectfully solicit a share of patronage from the citizens of Bristol and vicinity and our old customers generally, and by close attention to business hope to please. 830

Chickering Pianos



THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Over One Hundred First Prize Medals received over all competitors, during the past 55 years

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

MESSRS. DUTTON & SON select with great care the BEST of these World Renowned Pianos, and always have on hand a very fine stock of all patterns, including Grands, Uprights and Squares.

Also, the celebrated

DUTTON & SON PIANOS,

ARE OF THE BEST PIANOS MANUFACTURED, THOROUGHLY RELIABLE INSTRUMENTS, AT LOW PRICES.

Call and examine, or send for circulars.

DUTTON & SON,
1301 Chestnut Street,
263 PHILADELPHIA

The Universe
COOKING STOVES AND HEATERS

CAN BE PROVED to be the best in the market. Stoves with water backs to connect with Circulating Boilers.

The heater is constructed on the same principal as the stoves, and will produce more heat with the same amount of fuel, than any other heater in use. Prices very reasonable.

THOS. B. HARKINS, Manufacturer,
Bristol Iron Foundry, Dorrance St., Bristol, Pa

Miscellaneous.

Bristol Mills.
FLOUR, FEED, LUMBER, COAL, &c.

ROGERS BROTHERS,
Successors to J. & A. Dorrance.

Flour
Fresh ground from the best of Wheat and promptly delivered to customers.

Feed
of all kinds constantly on hand and ground to order.

Lumber.
Seasoned White Pine Boards and Plank of all grades; Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling, Lath Pickets, Oak Posts, &c.

☞ Sawed Hemlock Fencing of the best quality.

Bills for large, long or odd sized timber cut at our

Saw Mill
at the shortest notice from selected logs and at the lowest prices.

Planing Mill.
Yellow and White Pine Flooring, Siding, &c., of the different grades, constantly on hand and made to order, which our facilities enable us to sell at very reasonable prices.

Shingles
In all the varieties as to size, quality and prices so that our customers cannot fail to be suited.

Coal
Of the different sizes kept dry under our sheds, well screened and free from slate and dust.

Wood
Ready Sawed for Summer use and very cheap. CEDAR RAILS lower than usual.

Grain Bought
At the Bristol Mills, and the highest market price paid.
361 ROGERS BROTHERS.

A. L. PACKER,
DEALER IN
Coal, Wood, Flour,
FEED and GRAIN.

COAL.

From the Harleigh and Lattimore Mines,

CAREFULLY PICKED AND SCREENED.

EGG AND STOVE, (Delivered),	$5 5
CHESTNUT, "	5 0

FLOUR.

W. & E. Thomas, Best Flour, per 100,	$4 25
Good Family, "	3 75
	Per bbl.
Stanton's New Process (Patent),	$10 00
Belle of Venice—St. Louis,	8 50
Pride of Canton—Ohio,	8 00
Belle of Minnesota,	8 00
New Providence—Ohio,	7 50

WOOD.

OAK—Cut and Split, ready for use, $2.00 per cart load.
PINE—Cut and Split, ready for use, of best quality, $2 60 per cart load.

All the above goods are warranted to give entire satisfaction. If not as represented will be sent for and taken back without charge.

The attention of the citizens of Bristol and vicinity is called to my very large stock now on hand of the above named articles, and persons will find it to their advantage to examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, a continuance of the same is respectfully solicited.

A. L. PACKER,
Mill Street, Opposite Old Post Office,
136 BRISTOL, PA.

ESTABLISHED 1869.
R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Attorneys-at-Law
520 *Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.*

Inventors.
We procure patents in all countries. No Attorney fees in advance. No charge unless the patent is granted. No fees for making preliminary examinations. No additional fees for obtaining and conducting a rehearing. Special attention given to Interference Cases before the Patent Office, Extensions before Congress. Infringement Suits in different States, and all litigation appertaining to Inventions or Patents. Send Stamp for Pamphlet giving full instructions.

United States Courts and Departments.
Claims prosecuted in the Supreme Court of the United States, Court of Claims, Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims, Southern Claims Commission, and all classes of war claims before the Executive Departments.

Arrears of Pay and Bounty.
Officers, soldiers and sailors of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government, of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp, and a full reply, after examination will be given you without charge.

Pensions.
All officers, soldiers, and sailors wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late war, however slightly, are entitled to, and can obtain a pension

United States General Land Office.
Contested Land Cases, Private Land Claims, Mining Preemption, and Homestead Cases, prosecuted before the General Land Office and Department of the Interior.

Land Warrants.
We pay cash for Bounty Land Warrants, and we invite correspondence with all parties having any for sale, and give full and explicit instructions where assignments are imperfect.

We conduct our business in separate Bureaus, having therein the clerical assistance of able and experienced lawyers, and give our closest personal supervision to every important paper prepared in every case. Promptest attention thus secured to all business entrusted to us. Address

R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Attorneys,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Any person desiring information as to the standing and responsibility of the members of the firm will, on request, be furnished with a satisfactory reference in his vicinity or Congressional district.
692

TAPE-WORM! TAPE-WORM! WITH HEAD, REMOVED in two hours, guaranteed. Medicine contains no pain or inconvenience. Send for price and references of persons cured.
GUSTAV KLAUS, 40 N. 8th St., Phila

New Tin Store—Up Town.
ROBERT WARDEN,
Corner of Penn and Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING. A general assortment of Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Kitchen Utensils, always on hand. Jobbing of all descriptions promptly attended to. Prices to suit the times. 854

WILLIAM B. BAKER, M. D.,
DENTIST,
43 Radcliffe Street, Bristol.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE GAS. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations. Artificial Teeth inserted in full or partial sets. 1074

CARPETS
Washed and Scoured
INGRAIN CARPETS, 5 cents per yard.
BRUSSELS CARPETS, 6 cents per yard.
AT
Livingston Mills,
BRISTOL, PA. 42

FRANK P. ADAMS,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
No. 81 Radcliffe Street,
504. BRISTOL, PA.

NewspaperARCHIVE®